

COUNTRY LIFE

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LALLIE CHARLES.

LADY VICTORIA PERY.

39a, Curzon Street, Mayfair, W.



THE Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

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GAINS AND LOSSES ON THE COAST.

AT last the Royal Commission on Coast Erosion have completed their work and published the result in a third and final Report. This has the advantage of reducing to definite form a question of which the majority of people have only vague ideas. There are parts of the coast where changes of such importance have taken place as almost to justify the sombre reflection that the sea is gradually absorbing the land, and that a time is approaching when the waves will wash over England even as they wash over that portion of land which at one time must have united these islands to the Continent of Europe. The Commissioners do not justify this melancholy anticipation. They comfort us by declaring that we have won more from the sea than we have lost to it. In the language of figures, six thousand six hundred and forty acres have been swept away, while forty-eight thousand acres have been gained. At a first glance it would appear that the country is actually increasing in bulk; but this is not so in reality. In the total number of acres won from the sea are numbered those tidal estuaries where land has been accumulated by the detritus carried down by rivers from the mountains and highlands of the country. They, therefore, do not represent a real addition to bulk. Gains have also been due to materials derived from the erosion of the cliffs along the coast. In the words of the Report, it should be remembered that "the gain has been almost entirely in tidal estuaries, while the loss has been chiefly on the open coast." Unfortunately, it has not been possible to make any estimate of the comparative value of the land lost and that gained; but the Commissioners say that they think, on the whole, "while some localities have suffered seriously from the encroachments of the sea, from a national point of view the extent of erosion need not be considered alarming." In spite of this reassuring

language, it is, however, evident that the water of the sea is continually decomposing the rock. Our beaches of sand and shingle, which form, in the opinion of experts, the best defence against the sea, have been worn out of the cliff. They were originally part of the solid land, and after being worn away by the water they follow a course which is determined by the lie of the land and the character of the tides. Further, it is small consolation to those places that have suffered most to know that the loss does not count when it is merged in an average. The Suffolk Coast, for example, appears to have been the greatest sufferer, and Dunwich has been the most severely treated. The remark is made that even there erosion has not been continuous. It has "occurred to a serious extent for periods of years, followed by times when little change has been recorded"; while the land on which the old parish churches of this once notable town stood has been worn away, "accumulations of blown sand fostered by the planting of marram grass have occurred at certain places, for example, at Kessingland, and to the south of Dunwich." The sea, in a way, resembles some hungry and ravenous beast, which, after assuaging its appetite, heaps up parts of its prey for future consumption.

Recommendations of a very interesting character are made by the Commissioners. It was, perhaps, unfortunate that in their instructions the question of coast erosion should have been mixed up with that of unemployment. A great many people seem to think that wherever there is work to be done, the best way is to seek out those that are unemployed and set them to do it. They imagine that the hillsides might be clothed with forests, that the heath and bog might be reclaimed and the onset of the waves withstood by those who stand about at street corners and complain that they cannot obtain a living wage. But as soon as a practical body of men begin to deal with the subject in earnest, it will be noticed that they fight shy of the unemployed. It is as well to look the facts in the face. Those who are out of work cannot be trusted to do thoroughly anything that they take in hand. If they plant trees, somebody will have to come behind and replant them. So the Commission are careful to separate the question of coast erosion from that of unemployment, and their suggestion is that the former should be considered without reference to the latter.

In regard to public rights on the foreshore, the recommendation is made that "A clear right of passage by foot upon all foreshores in the United Kingdom, whether Crown property or not, should be conferred upon the public, in addition to the rights of navigation and fishing which they already possess." They further recommend as regards the public use of the foreshore for such purposes as "bathing, riding, driving and collecting seaweed, etc., that the Board of Trade should be empowered by Order, after a local inquiry if necessary, to define such public user and its extent in localities where it may be desirable in the public interest that it should be exercisable." Reclamation, in their opinion, could be carried out over a considerable area in the United Kingdom, and especially in Ireland, and they cautiously advance the opinion that this "might give opportunity for the utilisation of unemployed labour." They do not, however, hold the opinion that the State should be made responsible for preventing erosion. It is a duty they would relegate to the local authority and to the private individual. These are the general features of a very exhaustive Report; but to describe them is to give very little idea of the carefulness and detail with which they are worked out. The Report follows the coast of Great Britain, for the Commission have circumnavigated it, and shows at what spots land is being lost and where it is being gained. The change, where it has taken place, is attributed to geological formation. The soft cliffs and low beaches of the East Coast offer a feeble resistance to the sea than that iron barrier which, roughly speaking, defends the West Coast of the United Kingdom from the rollers of the Atlantic. No doubt these, too, are being worn away by the unceasing action of water; but it is at a rate so imperceptibly small that ingenuity does not deem it worthy of calculation how long the mountain rocks of Wales and Scotland will continue to withstand the action of the waves.

Our Portrait Illustration.

LADY VICTORIA PERY, whose portrait we publish this week, is the only daughter of the Earl and Countess of Limerick. She is also one of this season's Irish debutantes.

* * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens, or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.

COUNTRY



NOTES

WHEN we last wrote in this column the Coronation was just about to take place. It is now a thing of the past, and our contemporaries of the daily Press have chronicled with minute detail the magnificence and splendour of the pageantry by which it was accompanied. No hitch of the slightest importance occurred, and the orderliness of the great crowds reflects the highest credit both on the individuals who composed them and the officials and policemen on whom devolved the details of management. What must have gratified all loyal supporters of the Throne still more was the spontaneous and hearty expression of goodwill that came from the rudest hamlets, from the most remote districts of the country. No monarch ever started on his career with such a tide of cordial goodwill behind him as does King George V. At the present moment he is far and away the most popular man in the Empire over which he reigns, and there is every reason to believe that he will hold permanently this proud position.

Flockmasters will read with peculiar interest the comprehensive and most lucid explanation of the disease which has been attacking so fatally the sheep in many parts of England, and especially in Huntingdonshire and Kent, which is contributed to this number by the Master of Christ's. As a piece of natural history his account of *Strongylus contortus* is fascinating; but the practical farmer will find it something more than fascinating, and that is, most extremely useful. Mr. Shipley has explained with the utmost precision what are the habits and life-history of this pest. In the United States it has been known for some time, and Dr. Ransom has given it close attention. The remedies which he recommends are coal-tar creosote, gasoline and copper-sulphate; but the main point is to prevent the disease making its appearance. Where the sheep have a clean bill of health, Mr. Shipley holds that something can be done to preclude the possibility of infection. The great point appears to be that they should be moved to clean pastures at frequent intervals. In June they should not stay more than ten days on the same meadows, and in July and August this period should be shortened to seven days; after the beginning of September it may be again lengthened.

Despite its being held in the county of Norfolk, it could scarcely have been expected that the Royal Agricultural Show would this year attract as many visitors as it did, say, when it was held in Liverpool. For this the cause must be sought in Coronation year. Agricultural people cannot, as a rule, afford to take many holidays, and those who absented themselves from their haymaking and other pursuits of the moment for the purpose of witnessing the Coronation and the procession in London were not able to get away to Norfolk as well. But if there was a falling off in the attendance, that was the only discernible shortcoming. The exhibition was a magnificent one, and well worthy of its Royal President. A description of it will be found in another part of the paper. Here we will content ourselves with pointing out a direction in which the Royal expands year by year with great regularity, and this is in entries of small stock, poultry, bees and so on. The increase at Norwich is very marked, and no one can wonder at it who takes into account the vast development witnessed during recent years in the breeding of turkeys and the establishment of poultry-farms.

We have been obliged so frequently to find fault with the Board of Agriculture that it is a pleasure to be able to congratulate them on doing something that is at once timely and useful. It may appear a small thing, and yet it possesses great importance to a large number of people. We refer to a pamphlet that has been issued on the subject of fruit bottling for small holders. No simpler or more comprehensive treatise on the subject could well have been put together. It contains nothing that will be new to the advanced students at the agricultural colleges or at the women's horticultural colleges; but everybody who knows the small holder is aware that his knowledge is not to be measured by that standard. Instead of "his" it would, perhaps, be more accurate to say "her," for this is a matter which chiefly concerns the mistress of the household. Usually her idea of preserving fruit is by making jam, and, in spite of all the praise bestowed on home-made jam, it is by no means of an invariably high quality.

The first step in the education of the cottage woman is to disabuse her mind of the belief, amounting to superstition, that she has in sugar. When she makes jam she uses far too much of this, and when she attempts to preserve fruit in bottles her idea is to use a syrup that makes the fruit sickeningly sweet. Now the ideal aim of preserving fruit for winter use is to get it on the table as nearly as possible in its natural condition. The writer for the Board of Agriculture shows how easily this can be done by that method which is growing most in popularity at the present moment under the name of sterilisation. In large establishments it is customary to purchase a steriliser especially made for this purpose; but the article costs about three guineas, and it is pointed out that any large saucepan, boiler, fish-kettle or similar vessel will serve the purpose of those who have, relatively speaking, only a small quantity of fruit to preserve. The object of heating the fruit up to the point of sterilisation is to destroy the bacteria, yeasts, fungi and possibly even minute larvæ of insects which are found among the fruit. This is done by placing the fruit to be preserved in glass bottles having air-tight caps, subjecting the whole for a certain time to a given temperature, and closing the bottles while they are still surrounded by steam.

A TRAIN OF THOUGHT.

It glowed in the dusk as we thundered by,
It called with the lure of mystery
To me, in the train for town;
From the very heart of the dim hillside,
Where nobody lives since the fairies died,
The light shone down.

And you may explain it was fire or lamp,
A shepherd's lantern, gipsy camp
Or some new hostelry;
O, I heed you not! With a sudden thrill
I have seen a ray through a tunnelled hill
That led, for me,

To the far, fair land we hope to win
Who follow the piper of Hamelin,
Or the flutes of Pan. Alas!
What I saw and lost in the falling night
Was a spark from the lone, authentic light
That never was.

V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

We do not recommend, however, that anyone should start fruit bottling with no more than these general directions in mind. Those who wish to have their fruit preserved as well as it possibly can be will find detailed directions given from time to time in our own pages by the most expert and practised hands at the work in the United Kingdom. The cottager should be referred to Leaflet No. 250, which will be sent free of charge and post free on application to the Secretary, Board of Agriculture and Fisheries, 4, Whitehall Place, London, S.W. He will learn that not only is a high temperature required for the purpose of destroying the injurious organisms in fruit, but that each particular fruit requires its own temperature. There is a slight but important difference in treatment between, say, gooseberries and raspberries. He will also find a very complete description of the various parts of the best bottle to be used, and he may be recommended not to grudge a little outlay in this direction. With care the bottles will last a lifetime; and no amount of trouble in the act of preserving the fruit will be successful unless the vessels used to keep it in are perfectly air-tight.

There is not a doubt that the average of "red fish"—salmon which have been for some weeks in the fresh waters of

the rivers—that have been caught by the rod this year has been a very large one. It is the larger because the total catch, owing to the dry weather and the lack of water in the streams, has been unusually small. There was a spate in most of our British salmon rivers in the very early spring, so that a number of fish that were ready to make the ascent ran up at that time; but then the water fell dead low—of both Wye and Usk we are told that no man can remember them so low before—and no more came up; the fish reddened in the pools and the majority of the few that were caught was composed of these old inhabitants. These red fish are really not as useless for the table as they have the character of being. We almost always find a rod-caught fish better than one from the nets, and that is really because the fish from the nets usually comes to us by way of the shop, which means that it is not too fresh. A fish fresh out of water, even if he is slightly red, makes better eating than a bright silvery one that was caught in the sea some days ago. Some people will tell you that the flesh of these red fish is "poisonous." As a matter of fact, it is not in the least unwholesome, and in many parts of Scotland the poor folk like a red fish for kippering better than a fresh-run one.

No organisation of the day is more alive than the Royal Horticultural Society. It is to be congratulated on the excellent plans that have been made for holding a summer flower show at Olympia. One important feature of this exhibition is that it will afford ample opportunity for the man of limited means to make acquaintance with all the best that is being done in the way of cultivating flowers. The show is to open on July 4th, and on the two succeeding days it will be open from nine in the morning till ten at night, and the price of admission after six o'clock in the evening will be the popular shilling. In order to commemorate the year of the Coronation, a sixty-guinea challenge cup is offered for the best exhibit in the show. The remainder of the prize-list will be on the liberal scale which is usual with the Royal Horticultural Society. We cannot but think that this is an excellent move, as it will help to bring within the scope of the society's operation large masses of people who hitherto have had little opportunity of learning something of the achievements of the best and most advanced horticulture of the day.

Lord Carrington delivered himself of much excellent sense at the opening of the Small Holdings and Country Life Section of the Festival of Empire at the Crystal Palace on Saturday last. He showed that the small holder was bound to aim at higher profits than were sufficient to content the occupant of a large farm. If he who cultivates a thousand acres makes a pound an acre profit he has at the end an income of a thousand a year; whereas the small holder who has only fifty acres, if he were content with the same return, would have only fifty pounds a year. Lord Carrington thinks that he ought by intensive cultivation to be able to make ten or fifteen pounds an acre. In order to secure this desirable end the small holder ought not "to put all his eggs into one basket." It is far better for him to try for the production not only of corn and the usual livestock, but of vegetables, fruit, poultry and honey. There is always a certain amount of lottery in husbandry, because the weather in this fickle climate is an incalculable factor. But weather seldom, if ever, plays havoc with all kinds of garden and field products at the same time. That is one very good reason why the small holder should have several strings to his bow.

As we write one of the three great golfing contests of the year is being carried out at Sandwich. This is the Open Championship; the other two being respectively the Amateur and the Professional Championship. We are afraid that golf is one of those pastimes in which the pre-eminence is easily gained and held by those who make it their calling, and that, therefore, the amateur has very little chance of coming out top. But to say that is only to say that golf is very like other games. In billiards, for example, the best amateur would have very little chance even against those who could scarcely think of entering for the professional championship. Cricket may, perhaps, be regarded as a brilliant exception. Some of the best bats and some of the best bowlers have always been amateurs. But then a county amateur must perforce give nearly as much time to practice as it is possible for a professional to give, and it is practice that makes the champion in anything. Of course, there must be a genius for the game as a foundation; but without incessant practice, experience has shown time and again that the possession of genius is in itself unavailing.

It is evident that the distribution of the spring migrants has been very partial and local this year, for we hear from the North of England, and even from the Midlands, of a comparative scarcity of many of the warbler kind, and also of the swifts

and house-martins. In the South, on the contrary, all these species seem to have been with us in quite their normal number, and the swifts even more numerous than usual. A bird that does seem to have been generally absent, and to be increasingly scarce, is the common—it used to be very common indeed—or spotted flycatcher. Even in the South, where the warblers, most musical of all the tribes of the air, have been plentiful, their period of song has been an abnormally short one, and the nightingale, whom we unanimously regard as *prima donna* of them all, was heard very little after June began. The explanation of this short singing period is, in all probability, that in the favourable weather they began nesting operations early, and carried these through to the hatching-out time without a check. The male parent, as a rule, becomes too busy to sing as soon as his young ones are hatched, for he has to bestir himself to do his share of finding food for them.

The ordinary accounts that we receive of the poisoning of fish in various parts of the country by the tar-washings from roads are so frequent that we have long ceased to call special attention to them; but there does seem to be an unfortunate peculiarity in the condition of that glorious river, the Wye, as lately reported, that is quite worth calling attention to. It is stated that fish of all game kinds—salmon, trout and grayling—have been dying in numbers, as if poisoned, in a stretch of the river, below Builth, of no less than eighty miles. It is to be noted that never before has the river been known to be so low at the same time of year as it was in the early half of June. This is a condition in which, as is quite obvious, the effect of any polluting fluid finding its way into the river would affect the fish more fatally than when there was a normal flow of water to dilute and carry it off. It is, unfortunately, only too easy for any evilly-disposed person to poison a pool by infecting it with some crushed weed of a kind not rare by the water-side—it is not necessary to instruct would-be poisoners too precisely—but it is evident that the large scale of the evil here noticed almost precludes the idea that it could be due to the malice of individuals. The fact that its cause is of a larger and more general nature makes it only the more essential that it should, if possible, be ascertained.

SOCIAL INTERCOURSE.

(Written after a party.)

Like to islands on the seas
Stand our personalities,
Islands where we always face
One another's watering-place.
When we promenade our sands
We can hear each other's bands;
We can see on festal nights
Red and green and purple lights,
Gilt pavilions in a row,
Stucco houses built for show.

Yet our eyes can never reach
Further than the gaudy beach;
Never know or understand
All the wonders of the land.
Jagged rocks against the sky,
Where the eagles haunt and cry,
Forests full of running rills,
Darkest forests, sunny hills,
Caverns where a dragon lowers,
Sweet and unimagined flowers.

FRANCES CORNFORD.

It is to be feared that this year of King George's Coronation will be remembered by gardener and by farmer chiefly as one of disappointment. We shall not very readily recall a spring in which all the flowers of the garden and all the affairs of the farm looked so promising. That was in the early days, at the beginning of the long drought, when we revelled in the sunshine. But that drought, prolonged till past the middle of June, brought that good promise to no effect and withered all up. The bloom of the fruit trees was so beautiful and abundant that it beat all that previous years had given us, yet the promise of this beauty also failed us. All the soft fruits, with the exception of strawberries, suffered terribly by the drought. The Kentish cob nuts, most reliable of the crops that the gardener for the market can grow, alone withstood its effects and promise him a good yield. All agriculture suffered likewise. Where grass was laid up for hay it grew poorly and then, just at the time for the making of such a hay crop as there was, the weather at length broke and much of the hay was spoiled. It is a melancholy record.

THE BLIND BEGGARS OF ALGERIA.

THE Arabs have a saying to the effect that "when you travel through the country of the blind, be blind yourself"; and though, like all proverbs, it is doubtless not intended to be taken literally, still, the malady of blindness is so common in Algeria, especially among the tribes that inhabit the oases of the Sahara, that the traveller may almost stop and ask himself if he has indeed come to that country of the blind. The prevalence of eye disease is due, perhaps, to the intense dazzling brilliance of the desert sun, and to that complete absence of shade which must be endured by the wandering Saharian. Ophthalmia, small-pox, flies that attack the eyes, producing sores and then diseases, to say nothing of the extreme dirt of many of the nomadic tribes, are also among the contributory causes, and it is certainly no infrequent occurrence to meet persons who have lost the sight of one or both eyes. The Arabs are normally

to the twentieth century, so patriarchal was he in appearance. A son of Ishmael—for so the Arabs proudly describe themselves—he was known in the village as the blind marabout. By some means or other he had acquired a reputation for sanctity, and, like many of his kind, he had forsworn meat, begged from door to door for alms and food, knowing that he would be denied neither, and wore poor and ragged clothing as a testimony to the spiritual privileges accorded to him. Perhaps—who knows?—those sightless eyes, which beheld only an impenetrable darkness that shrouded alike the glory of the African sun at noon and the splendour of the African stars at night, had learned to dwell upon visions not of earth. The marabout is in his highest development the mystic of Islam. Specially vowed to the strict observance of the laws of the Koran, his word is obeyed with superstitious reverence, offerings of all kinds are made to him, and even if—as often happens—he



M. Emil Frechon.

BLIND MUSICIANS OF THE NOMAD'S TENT.

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very kind and respectful to the aged or infirm, and a blind man or woman will seldom lack an escort of one or more children to pilot them safely along the roads, and who, if they are still young and active enough to work, will assist them in hoisting their load of sticks or barley upon their backs, and see them safely home to the humble dwelling that shelters them.

"Donne un sou!" That so frequent appeal reached my ears one morning as I went down the sunlit dusty street of the village, and a little brown hand was stretched out to me with a silver bangle encircling the slender wrist. The speaker was a little Arab girl with dark sombre eyes; she wore her long black hair plaited into a tight rope with a strip of red cotton that almost hid it. Her head was covered with a pointed turban of crimson and yellow, and a faint line of tattoo marks, tinted blue, ran perpendicularly down the middle of her forehead. She wore a robe of faded blue cotton, and round her shoulders was fastened a shabby grey haïk. Like all the young girls of her race, her movements were graceful, her voice plaintive.

With her, leaning on her shoulder, was an old man who seemed to belong to the days of Moses rather than

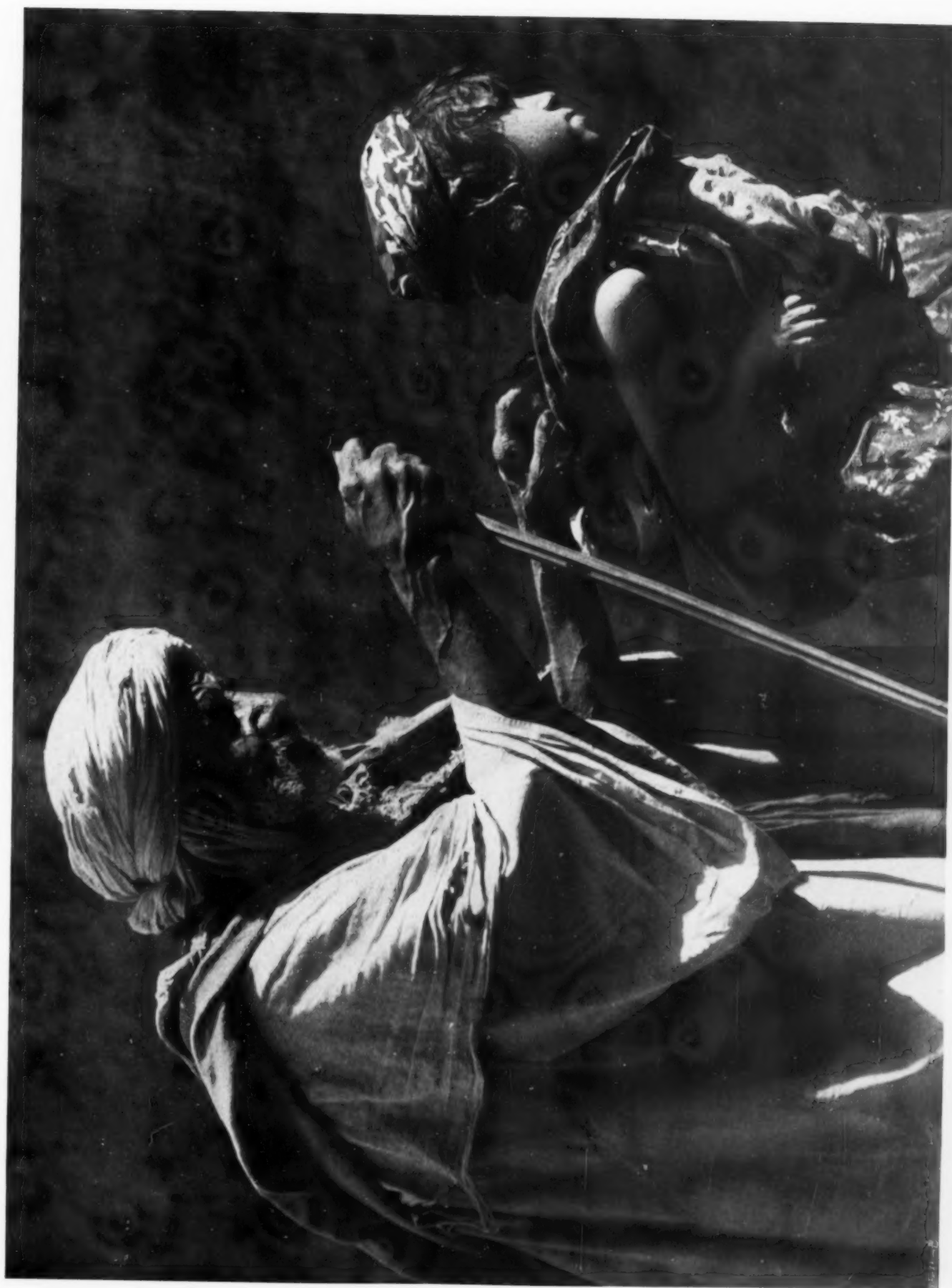
follows a humble trade or calling, he is still a holy man and set apart. He may save bloodshed by reconciling hostile tribes or persons, and the power of his *anaïa* it would be difficult to gauge. Much has been written about the *anaïa*, and perhaps the accounts have been exaggerated; but it is certain that it is capable of ensuring the safety of men, animals and merchandise, even of caravans, passing through the most lonely and dangerous regions. With this safe conduct which the marabouts of certain tribes have the privilege of bestowing at will, a man may pass with complete security through the country of his bitterest foes, and this notwithstanding the enormity of the offences he may have committed. "To bear a charmed life" has therefore a real significance to the person upon whom a marabout has bestowed the *anaïa*. Men and women of certain tribes have a limited and local power of exercising it; the fugitive can receive it but once. A curious story is told of a party of Tunisian sailors who were shipwrecked near Bougie in the year 1833. The inhabitants, knowing them to be friends of the conquering French, attacked them, massacring all except two who flung themselves at the feet of a woman of the tribe



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A BLIND TOILER OF OLD BISKRA.

M. Emil Fréchet.



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"DONNE UN SOU!"

M. Emil Frechon.

claiming *andia*. Consequently they were spared, although even more than their companions they were the allies of the hated Roumi!

But, truth to tell, it is not very difficult in these degenerate days for a man to acquire the title of marabout; the term is apt to be loosely applied, and may be gained by a man markedly eccentric or perhaps not quite sane who has given evidence of occult power, for the Arabs are deeply superstitious. Moreover, the *role* has its disadvantages. I stayed once in a little Algerian village where a long drought, unusual at the time of year, was beginning to make the Arabs nervous as to the prospects of their crops. "If this goes on," I was told, "the Arabs will duck a marabout in the village pond—they say that is sure to bring rain!" But the marabouts of repute, the holy men and great warriors of the past, are the saints of Islam whose tombs, or *koubbas*, with squat domes of dazzling whiteness, are to be seen all over Algeria. These places are the resort of innumerable pilgrims, who journey thither to pray for some special blessing

remain always associated in one's mind with the hot African days and the moonlit African nights. The instruments are very primitive, the favourite being the *gezbah*, a kind of flute open at both ends, and usually ornamented with an engraved decorative pattern stained red. The *taar* is made something after the fashion of a sieve, and consists of a thin hoop of wood over which is stretched a skin of parchment; it is said to resemble closely the tympanum of the ancients, and corresponds in form to those sometimes seen in the hands of statues representing the priests of Cybele.

The *gheita* is a flute with a mouthpiece; the *tobol* is a tambourine. How skilfully the long and knotted fingers manipulate these rude instruments, producing a kind of savage, desolate, yet wistful music—the music of the desert, of the nomad's *douar*, of the sheltered palm-grown oasis! Under the white arcades of the Biskra market-place you can hear such music throbbing always in the background half drowned by the babel of voices, the barking of dogs, the low, remonstrating



M. Emil Frechon.

" . . . DARK DARK AMID THE BLAZE OF NOON!"

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for themselves and their families, or to be healed of some disease, or perhaps in fulfilment of a vow. Sidi-Okba, who gave his name to the oasis south of Biskra, was a warrior of the seventh century, and the place is still the religious capital of the Zibans. It is here that the maimed and stricken congregate at all seasons, while it is the abode in particular of blind beggars and lepers. Many are the prayers uttered by the Mussulman pilgrims at that great tomb, which bears these words upon one of its pillars, inscribed in Kufic characters, "Hada kobr Okba ibn Nafé rhamah Allah" (This is the Tomb of Okba son of Nafé whom God in His Mercy receive!)

A word must be said about the blind musicians of the bazaars and nomad tents. One may see them sitting in the market-place of Biskra or by the roadside in the dusty ways of Sidi-Okba, as well as in the shadowed darkness of the Cafés Maures. Often they play that others may dance, and the thin, plaintive sound of the Arab music seems to form a soft accompaniment to all the other sounds of the oasis. Indeed, it must

snarl of the camel. Here are the Arabs playing endless games of *rhonda* and draughts; here, too, are the fortune-tellers, the story-tellers relating, to the insatiable interest of their hearers, the legends of the Thousand and One Nights. Upon the stalls are displayed a strange medley of Eastern and Western commodities and merchandise, Turkish embroideries, Persian jewellery, native rugs, necklaces of beads and cowries, the little mirrors in frames of embroidered leather which the Arab women wear suspended from their waists, wooden cous-cous spoons, native instruments and long scarves of net and sequins. Here, too, are piles of dried locusts, esteemed a delicacy by the Arabs; masses of golden oranges, lumps of blackened dates, baskets of tempting *galette* and of the flat, pale Arab bread. Bread, fruit, oil and honey—the Arab needs little more than these to sustain life.

The words of the wise man, Sidi Mohammed-ou-Allal, came back to my mind as I watched the busy little scene: "The free man if he is grasping is a slave; the

slave is free if he lives on little. Choose tents to repose in; nourish yourself with the fruits of the earth; satisfy your thirst with running water, and you will leave the world in peace." For sunshine robs poverty of half its sting, and well may these simple dwellers in tents echo the words of the beautiful

Russian woman, Isabelle Eberhardt, who for many years led a wandering life in the oases of the Sahara, meeting her death at last in the floods of Aïn-Sefra: "Beaux jours de sable et de soleil! Je me sentais immortelle et si riche dans ma pauvreté!"

ISABEL CLARKE.

THE NORWICH SHOW.



SHIRES IN THE RING.

NORWICH had the honour of providing a site for one of the most magnificent shows in the records of the Royal Agricultural Society of England. In every department the entries were full and of the highest quality. As compared with last year there were seven hundred and nine entries of horses against six hundred and sixty-two at Liverpool. The entries of cattle numbered one thousand and sixty-four as compared with nine hundred and thirty-eight at Liverpool. There was a slight falling off in sheep, but then Norfolk, so rich in other departments of agriculture, has never been notable for the extent of its flocks. The number of pigs exceeded those entered for the Liverpool show, and the poultry eclipsed that both at Liverpool and at Gloucester. Naturally, in this county, one or two features were specially emphasised. The red Shorthorn has never held a more conspicuous place at any show, and the Shire and hunter horses could not well have been better. Everybody was delighted with the successes of the King. Only on one previous occasion has the Sovereign been President of the Royal

Agricultural Society, and that was when the Jubilee meeting took place at Windsor in 1889. This furnished an additional reason for congratulation at His Majesty's successes. The female in Devons was won by a yearling heifer from Windsor. Dexters from Sandringham were placed in the first, third and reserve places, and Southdowns, also from Sandringham, were first in two classes. From Abergeldy came Aberdeen-Angus cattle that were placed second, fourth and reserve. Among other animals from the Royal herds and studs that received distinction were a Shire colt from Sandringham and a very promising young foal from Windsor.

It was a very auspicious beginning for a King who, as Sir Walter Gilbey has informed us in his little book on "The Royal Family and Farming," has inherited a strong farming tradition. We cannot forget that there was a Farmer George before him and that his grandmother and grandfather laid the foundations of the stock from which so many of his successes have come.

[For prize-list and comments thereon see pages 11* and 12*.]



JUDGING THE JERSEYS.



AT WESTMINSTER

LALAGE'S LOVERS



By GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM.

CHAPTER VIII.

MY friends were singularly successful in their negotiations on my behalf. Not a single Bishop proceeded with his libel action against Lalage. Nor was I forced to buy any of them off by building even a small cathedral. I attribute our escape from their vengeance entirely to the Provost. His clear statement of the impossibility of obtaining damages by any legal process must have had its effect. Gossip, too, died away with remarkable suddenness. I heard afterwards that old Tollerton got rapidly worse and succumbed to his disease, whatever it was, very shortly after his last interview with my uncle. I have no doubt that his death had a good deal to do with the decay of public interest in "The Anti-Tommy-Rot Gazette." The Archdeacon, who also was inclined to talk a good deal, had his mind distracted by other events. The Bishop of our diocese had a paralytic stroke. He was not one of those whom Lalage libelled, so the blame for his misfortune cannot be laid on us. The Archdeacon was, in consequence, very fully occupied in the management of diocesan affairs and forgot all about the "Gazette." Canon Beresford ventured back to his parish after a stay of six weeks in Wick. He would not have dared to return if there had been the slightest chance of the Archdeacon's reverting to the painful subject in conversation. Had there been even the slightest reference to it in the newspapers, Canon Beresford, instead of returning home, would have gone further afield, to an Orkney Island or the Shetland group, or, perhaps, to one of those called Faroe, which do not appear on ordinary maps, but are believed by geographers to exist. Thus when my mother, in the course of one of her letters, mentioned casually that Canon Beresford had lunched with her, I knew, as Noah did when the dove no longer returned to him, that the flood had abated.

My uncle was also successful, too successful, in his effort. His definite denial of my connection with "The Anti-Tommy-Rot Gazette" obtained credence with the committee of the Conservative and Unionist Parliamentary Association. My name retained its place on their books, and they continued to put me forward as a candidate for the East Connor Division of Down at the General Election. I only found this fact out by degrees, for nobody seemed to think it worth while to tell me. My uncle said afterwards that my ignorance, in which he found it very difficult to believe, was entirely my own fault. I cannot deny this, though I still hold that I ought to have been plainly informed of my destiny, and not left to infer it from the figures in the accounts which were sent to me from time to time. When I went to Portugal I left my money affairs very much in the hands of my mother and my uncle. I had what I wanted. They spent what they thought right in the management of my estate, in subscriptions and so forth. The accounts which they sent me, very different indeed from the spirited statements of Selby-Harrison, bored me, and I did not realise for some time that I was subscribing handsomely to a large number of local objects in places of which I had never even heard the names. I now know that they are towns and villages in the East Connor Division of Down, and my uncle has told me that this kind of expenditure is called nursing the constituency. The first definite news of my candidature came to me, curiously enough, from Lalage. She wrote me a letter during the Christmas holidays:

"There was a party (flappers, with dancing and a sit-down supper, not a Christmas-tree) at Thormanby Park last night. I got a bit fed up with 'the dear girls' (Catterby's expression) at about nine o'clock and slipped off with Hilda in hope of a cigarette. (Hilda's mother's cook got scarlatina, so she had to give in about

Hilda coming here for the hols. after all. Rather a climb down for her, I should say.) It was jolly lucky we did, as it turned out, though we didn't succeed in getting the whiff. Lord Thormanby and the Archdeacon were in the smoking-room, so we pretended we'd come to look for Hilda's pocket snuffler. The Archdeacon came to the party with a niece, in a green dress, who's over from London, and stiff with swank, though what about I don't know, for she can't play hockey a bit, has only read the most rotten books, and isn't much to look at, though the green dress is rather sweet, with a lace yoke and sequins on the skirt. Why didn't you tell me you were going into Parliament? I'm frightfully keen on elections and mean to go to help you. So does Hilda now that she knows about it, and I wrote to Selby-Harrison this morning. We've changed the name of the Society to the Association for the Suppression of Public Lying (A.S.P.L.). Rather appropriate—isn't it?—with a General Election just coming on. Of course, you're still a life member. The change of name isn't a constitutional alteration. Selby-Harrison made sure of that before we did it, so it doesn't break up the continuity, which is most important for us all. Lord Thormanby and the Archdeacon were jawing away like anything while we were searching about for the hanker, and took no notice of us, although the Archdeacon is frightfully polite now as a rule, quite different from what he used to be. They said the election was a soft thing for you unless somebody went and put up a third man. I rather hope they will, don't you? Dead certs are so rottenly unsporting. I'll have a meeting of the committee as soon as I get back to Dublin. This will be just the chance we want, for we haven't had any sort of a look in since they suppressed the 'Gazette.'"

I put this letter of Lalage's aside and did not answer it for some time. I thought that she and Hilda might have misunderstood what my uncle and the Archdeacon were saying. I did not regard it as possible that an important matter of this kind should be settled without my knowing anything about it; and I expected that Lalage would find out her mistake for herself. It turned out in the end that she had not made a mistake. Early in January I got three letters, all marked 'Urgent.' One was from my uncle, one from the secretary of the Conservative and Unionist Association, and one from a Mr. Titherington, who seemed to be a person of some importance in the East Connor Division of County Down. They all three told me the same news—I had been unanimously chosen by the local association as Conservative candidate at the forthcoming General Election. They all insisted that I should go home at once. I did so, but before starting I answered Lalage's letter. I foresaw that the active assistance of the Association for the Suppression of Public Lying in the campaign before me might have very complicated results, and would almost certainly bring on worry. The local Conservative association, for instance, might not care for Lalage. Hardly any local Conservative association would. Mr. Titherington might not hit it off with Selby-Harrison, and I realised, from the way he wrote, that Mr. Titherington was a man of strong character. I worded my letter to Lalage very carefully. I did not want to hurt her feelings by refusing an offer which was kindly meant.

"I need scarcely tell you," I wrote, "how gladly I should welcome the assistance offered by the A.S.P.L. if I had nothing but my own feelings to consider. Speeches from you and Hilda would brighten up what threatens to be a dull affair. Selby-Harrison's advice would be invaluable. But I cannot, in fairness to others, accept the offer unconditionally. Selby-Harrison's father ought to be consulted. He has already been put to great expense through his son's expulsion from the Divinity School, and I would not like, now that he has, I suppose, paid some at least

of the fees for medical training, to put him to fresh expense by involving his son in an enterprise which may very well result in his being driven from the dissecting-room. Then we must think of Hilda's mother. If she insisted on Miss Battersby accompanying her daughter to Portugal in the capacity of chaperon, she is almost certain to have prejudices against electioneering as a sport for young girls. Perhaps circumstances have altered since I last heard from you in such a way as to make the consultations I suggest unnecessary. Mr. Selby-Harrison, senior, and Hilda's mother may both have died, prematurely worn out by great anxiety. In that case I do not press for any consideration of their wishes. But if they still linger on I should particularly wish to obtain their approval before definitely accepting the offer of the A.S.P.L."

I thought that a good letter. It was possible that Mr. Selby-Harrison had died; but I felt sure, judging from what I had heard of her, that Hilda's mother was a woman of vigour and determination who would live as long as was humanly possible. I was not even slightly disquieted by a telegram handed to me just before I left Lisbon:

"Letter received. Scruples strictly respected. Other arrangements in contemplation. Lalage."

I forgot all about the Association for the Suppression of Public Lying and its offer of help when I arrived in Ireland. Mr. Titherington came up to Dublin to meet me and showed every sign of keeping me very busy indeed. He turned out to be a timber merchant by profession, who organised elections by way of recreation whenever opportunity offered. I was told in the office of the Conservative and Unionist Association that no man living was more crafty in electioneering than Mr. Titherington, and that I should do well to trust myself entirely to his guidance. I made up my mind to do so. My uncle, who also met me in Dublin, had been making enquiries of his own about Mr. Titherington, and gave me the results of them in a series of phrases which, I felt sure, he had picked up from somebody else. "Titherington," he said, "has his finger on the pulse of the constituency." "There isn't a trick of the trade but Titherington is thoroughly up to it." "For taking the wind out of the sails of the other side Titherington is absolutely A1." All this confirmed me in my determination to follow Mr. Titherington blindfold.

The first time I met him he told me that we were going to have a sharp contest and gave me the impression that he was greatly pleased. A third candidate had taken the field, a man in himself despicable, whose election was an impossibility, but capable perhaps of detaching from me a number of votes sufficient to put the Nationalist in the majority.

"And O'Donoghue, let me tell you," said Titherington, "is a smart man and a right good speaker."

"I'm not," I said.

"I can see that."

I do not profess to know how he saw it. So far as I know, inability to make speeches does not show on a man's face, and Titherington had no other means of judging at that time except the appearance of my face. No one, in fact, not even my mother, could have been sure then that I was a bad speaker. I had never spoken at a public meeting.

"But," said Titherington, "we'll pull you through all right. That blackguard Vittie can't poll more than a couple of hundred."

"Vittie," I said, "is, I suppose, the *tertium quid*, not the Nationalist. I'm sorry to trouble you with enquiries of this kind,

but in case of accident it's better for me to know exactly who my opponents are."

"He calls himself a Liberal. He's going bald-headed for some Temperance fad and is backed by a score or so of Presbyterian ministers. We'll have to call canny about Temperance."

"If you want me to wear any kind of glass button on the lappet of my coat, I'll do it; but I'm not going to sign a total abstinence pledge. I'd rather not be elected."

Titherington was himself drinking whisky and water while we talked. He grinned broadly and I felt reassured. We had dined together in my hotel, and Titherington had consumed the greater part of a bottle of champagne, a glass of port, and a liqueur with his coffee. It was after dinner that he demanded whisky and water. It seemed unlikely that he would ask me even to wear a button.

"As we're on the subject of Temperance," he said, "you may as well sign a couple of letters. I have them ready for you, and I can post them as I go home to-night."

He picked up a despatch-box which he had brought with him and kept beside him during dinner. It gave me a shock to see the box opened. It actually overflowed with papers, and I felt sure that they all concerned my election. Titherington tossed several bundles of them aside, and came at last upon a small parcel kept together by an elastic band.

"This," he said, handing me a long type-written document, "is from the Amalgamated Association of Licensed Publicans. You needn't read it. It simply asks you to pledge yourself to oppose all legislation calculated to injure the trade. This is your answer."

He handed me another type-written document.

"Shall I read it?" I asked.

"You needn't unless you like. All I require is your signature."

I have learned caution in the Diplomatic Service. I read my letter through before signing it, although I intended to sign it, whatever it might commit me to. I had promised my uncle and given the Conservative and Unionist Parliamentary Association to understand that I would place myself unreser-

vedly in Titherington's hands. "I see," I said, "that I pledge myself—"

"You give the Amalgamated Association to understand that you pledge yourself," said Titherington.

"The same thing, I suppose?"

"Not quite," said Titherington, grinning again.

"Anyhow," I said, "it's the proper thing, the usual thing to do?"

"O'Donoghue has done it, and I expect that ruffian Vittie will have to in the end, little as he'll like it."

I signed.

"Here," said Titherington, "is the letter of the joint committee of the Temperance Societies."

"There appear to be twenty-three of them," I said, glancing at the signatures.

"There are; and if there were only ten voters in each it would be more than we could afford to lose. Vittie thinks he has them all safe in his breeches pocket, but I have a letter here which will put his hair out of curl for a while."

"I hate men with curly hair," I said. "It's so effeminate."

Titherington seemed to think this remark foolish, though I meant it as an additional evidence of my determination to oppose Vittie to the last.



"Lord Thormanby and the Archdeacon were in the smoking-room, so we pretended we'd come to look for Hilda's pocket snuffler."

"Read the letter," he said.

I read it. If such a thing had been physically possible it would have put my hair into curl. It did, I feel almost certain, make it rise up and stand on end.

"I see by this letter," I said, "that I am pledging myself to support some very radical Temperance legislation."

"You're giving them to understand that you pledge yourself. There's a difference, as I told you before."

"I may find myself in rather an awkward position if——"

"You'll be in a much awkwarder one if Vittie gets those votes and lets O'Donoghue in!"

Titherington spoke in such a determined tone that I signed the letter at once.

"Is there anything else?" I asked. "Now that I am pledging myself in this wholesale way there's no particular reason why I shouldn't go on."

Titherington shuffled his papers about.

"Most of the rest of them," he said, "are just the ordinary things. We needn't worry about them. There's only one other letter—— Ah! here it is. By the way, have you any opinions about Women's Suffrage?"

"Not one," I said; "but I don't, of course, want to be ragged if it can be avoided. Shall I pledge myself to get votes for all the unmarried women in the constituency, or ought I to go further?"

Titherington looked at me severely. Then he said:

"It won't do us any harm if Vittie is made to smell hell by a few militant Suffragettes."

"After the hole he's put us in about Temperance," I said, "he'll deserve the worst they can do to him."

"In any ordinary case I'd hesitate; for women are a nuisance, a d——d nuisance. But this is going to be such an infernally near thing that I'm half inclined—— It's nuts and apples to them to get their knives into anyone calling himself a Liberal, which shows they have some sense. Besides, the offer has, so to speak, dropped right into our mouths. It would be sinning against our mercies and flying in the face of Providence not to consider it."

I had, up to that moment, no reason for suspecting Titherington of any exaggerated respect for Providence. But there are queer veins of religious feeling in the most hard-headed men. I saw that Titherington had a theological side to his character, and I respected him all the more for it.

"Here's a letter," he said, "from one of the Suffrage societies, offering to send down speakers to help us. As I said before, women are a nuisance; but it's just possible that there may be a few cranks among that Temperance lot. You'll notice that if a man has one fad he generally runs to a dozen, and there may be a few who really want women to get votes. We can't afford to chuck away any chances. If I could get deputations from the anti-Vaccinationists and the anti-Gamblers I would. But I'd be afraid of their going back on us and supporting Vittie. Anyhow, if these women are the right sort, they'll pursue Vittie round and round the constituency and yell at him every time he opens his mouth."

I took the letter from Titherington. It was headed A.S.P.L. and signed Lalage Beresford.

"Are you quite sure," I said, "that the A.S.P.L. is a Woman's Suffrage Society?"

"It must be," said Titherington. "The letter is signed by a woman; at least, I suppose Lalage is a woman's name. It certainly isn't a man's."

"Still——"

"And what the devil would women be writing to us for if they weren't Suffragettes?"

"But A.S.P.L. doesn't stand for——"

"It must," said Titherington. "S. stands for Suffrage, doesn't it? The rest is some fancy conglomeration. I tell you that there are so many of these societies nowadays that it's pretty hard for a new one to find a name at all."

"All the same——"

"There's no use arguing about their name. The question we have to decide is whether it's worth our while importing Suffragettes into the constituency or not."

If Titherington had not interrupted me so often, and if he had not displayed such complete self-confidence, I should have told him what the A.S.P.L. really was, and warned him to be very careful about enlisting Lalage's aid. But I was nettled by his manner, and felt that it would be very good for him to find out his mistake for himself. I remained silent.

"I think the best thing I can do," he said, "is to interview the lady. I can judge then whether she's likely to be any use to us."

I felt very pleased to think that Titherington would learn his mistake from Lalage herself. He would be much less arrogant afterwards.

"If she is simply an old frump with a bee in her bonnet," he said, "who wants to bore people, I'll head her off at once. If she's a sporting sort of girl who'll take on Vittie at his own meetings and make things hum generally, I think I'll engage her and her lot. I don't happen to be a magistrate myself, but most of them are your supporters. There won't be a bit of use his trying to have her up for rioting. We'll simply laugh at him, and she'll be worse afterwards. Let me see now. She's in Dublin. Trinity Hall, whatever that is. If I write to-night she'll get the letter in the morning. Suppose I say eleven a.m."

"I should rather like to be present at the interview," I said.

"You needn't trouble yourself. I shan't commit you to anything, and the whole thing will be verbal. There won't be a

scrap of paper for her to show afterwards, even if she turns nasty."

It seemed to me likely that there would be paper to show afterwards. If Lalage had Selby-Harrison behind her she would go to that interview with an agreement in her pocket ready for signature.

"All the same," I said, "I'd like to be there simply out of curiosity."

Titherington shrugged his shoulders.

"Very well," he said, "but let me do the talking. I don't want you to get yourself tied up in some impossible knot. You'd far better leave it to me."

I assured him that I did not in the least want to talk, but I persisted in my determination to be present at the interview. Titherington had bullied me enough for one evening, and my promise to put myself entirely in his hands was never meant to extend to the limiting of my intercourse with Lalage. Besides, I enjoyed the prospect of seeing him tied up in some impossible knot, and I believed that Lalage was just the girl to tie him.

(To be continued.)

FISH-PONDS.

WE have received a number of letters lately asking our advice on the subject of ornamental ponds and their inhabitants. The truth is that artificial ponds are never easy to manage. In the natural course of things, unless fed and drained by a stream, they develop the weeds common to semi-stagnant water, and once the pests are established they are extremely difficult to eradicate. Floating weeds, of which the rootlets are fully exposed, may be destroyed by the application of copper sulphate, which has been frequently recommended in COUNTRY LIFE; but if there are fish in the pond, great care must be taken not to exceed the proportions of two and a-half ounces of the sulphate to ten thousand gallons of water, or the fish will die. Even with a solution of this strength it would be better, if possible, to remove the fish first, and in any case swans or other ornamental water-fowl should be taken away. Several applications will probably be necessary, especially in a hot summer, to keep the water clear of scum and weed. The most convenient way of using the copper sulphate is to mix it with a little water and spray the surface of the pool; or, if the area is too large for this method, it should be put in a canvas bag and dragged through the water until dissolved.

For bottom-rooting weeds there is no prompt remedy except cutting, and it may be noted that for this purpose there are modern inventions which do away with all the labour of the old chain of scythes and expedite the operation very considerably; but, of course, cutting is only efficacious temporarily. To kill the weed it is necessary to drain the pond, scarify the bottom and leave it to bake. This is the method employed in the pond in the arboretum at Kew, where it seems to work satisfactorily, though, of course, it has to be repeated at regular intervals.

In making a new pond the weed trouble will be to a large extent obviated by the use of concrete. It is usual in this case to make pockets for lilies and other ornamental plants, so that in the event of emptying or cleaning they may be lifted and replaced without disturbance. The more delicate nymphæas, of course, which are usually sunk in tubs or pots in very shallow water, present no difficulties; but our sturdy white lily, which roots vigorously before it can begin to flower and flourishes in deeper water, will often have to perish with the weeds if some precaution of this kind be not taken.

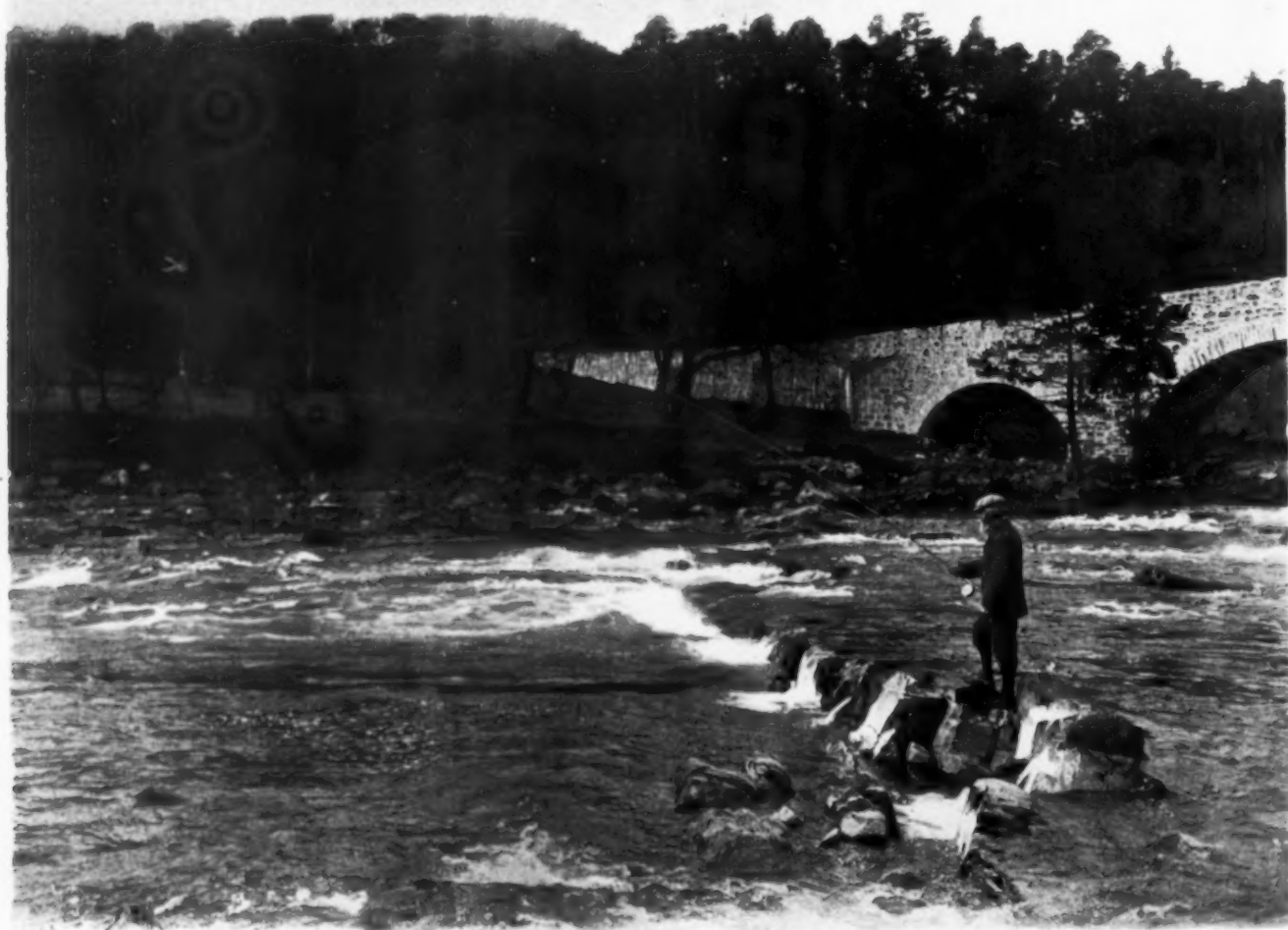
The drawback to a cement pond is that it is so long before it is fit for fish to inhabit. When made it should be filled with water and left to stand for three or four months. It should then be entirely emptied and filled again, and stand yet again for a year at least, and eighteen months if possible, before the fish are introduced. Even then it has its drawbacks from the piscatorial point of view, responding much more quickly to extremes of temperature than a natural pool. For fish a clay pool, which, of course, must be well puddled, is much more healthy; but from the æsthetic point of view it is not nearly as satisfactory. Snails, such as the common vivipara and planorbis, will do much towards keeping the cement pool clean and sweet.

Goldfish do not like too shady a pool. Where there are trees overhanging the margin and a thick growth of reeds, lilies, weeds, etc., it stands to reason that, although there may be sunny spots for the fish to bask in, the general temperature of the water is lower than in one with the whole surface exposed; and constantly living in too cold water vitiates the fish and renders them liable to disease. It must be remembered that goldfish are exotics after all, and are said to be so sensitive to the effect of sunshine that if kept in a sunless place for any length of time they lose colour. Whether this is true or

not, it is certain that they do not like too cold water. The Japanese higo, on the other hand, is a fairly hardy fish, and stands our varying climate well; and golden orfe, although not so richly coloured, are handsome hardy things, and attain a very large size. It is well when fish die

apparently of some epidemic to examine the water for leakage from drains, etc. In a small pool very little of this sort of thing might prove fatal, even if only from the house or stable drains, while from a garage or public roadway it would almost certainly be so.

A DAY WITH THE SALMON OF THE ROYAL DEE



ON THE ROYAL DEE.

AS an early spring river the Aberdeenshire Dee has very few equals. True, the Tay may hold heavier fish, and the Ness, in the far North, may be yielding its salmon before a cast has been taken on the Dee; but when all is said and done, the fish of the Royal river are second to none in their quality and gameness. It is on a perfect spring morning that we make our way down to the river-side. A thunder-storm of the previous afternoon has cleared the air, and Nature has responded instantaneously to the brilliant sunshine and soft, warm breeze. The birches fringing the river banks are giving forth the sweetest of perfumes, and the spruces, too, are heavy with scent. Though the beat we are to fish is one of the lowest on the river, we see, as we reach the banks, the precipices of dark Lochnagar, some fifty miles to the west, lit up in the brilliant sunshine. Especially conspicuous is an immense snow cornice fringing the summit plateau, but we have rarely seen so little snow on the hill at this season of the year, for it is now (the end of April) the period when the higher mountains not unfrequently carry more snow than during the winter months. On the slopes of one of the lower hills a belated heather fire is burning, though the legal burning season closed some weeks ago, and the grouse are already commencing nesting operations in the more sheltered moors. The river has been running bank-high for several days owing to the effect of a mild sou'-wester on the snows of the uplands, but this morning it has fallen considerably and is in capital fishing trim. The beat consists of two pools only, but these pools are both capable of yielding several salmon, though for the past week or two the fishing has been an almost complete blank owing to the bulk of the fish having run through to the higher reaches. Both pools are fished from a boat, unless the water is low, for the fish lie well out in the stream and the river is wide. Almost the first cast we have a couple of quick, determined pulls, which, however, come to nothing, and we fish the pool for well on to

two hours without success. Then a plump yellow trout takes the lure and affords excellent sport. He is found to be a fish of one and a-half pounds and in excellent condition. It is now close on midday, and the sun shines out of an intensely blue sky with great power. Lapwings fly uneasily to and fro, and come to the banks to drink, while at intervals the cock birds dash excitedly backwards and forwards, uttering their rollicking cry and turning complete somersaults, as is their wont, while singing their love-song to their sitting mates. A pair of grey wagtails—belying their name in their brilliant yellow plumage—explore the recesses of a gravelly bank, where, we are informed by the boatman, they usually have their nest, and a dipper flies hurriedly past, making for its nesting site in an overhanging bank. The lower pool is now made for. It is of great depth, but no fish are showing, and though we fish it down carefully the result is a blank. We have, however, an exciting experience with a clean run sea-trout of a couple of pounds at the least. He grabs the lure viciously, and, finding himself hooked, makes off in great style, leaping high in the air in his efforts to dislodge the hooks. He is soon successful, and he has fought so gamely that we are loth to grudge him his freedom.

A halt is now called, and it is not until late afternoon that we revisit the river-side. The sun still shines brightly and the water has fallen considerably, though still of that dark, peaty colour which should favour the fishing. Again, almost in the same place as in the morning, we have a sharp pull, and a little later see the fish rise quite near us. He is quite a small salmon, but in excellent condition. He is very wary, however, and does not again venture to take the minnow. The water is now falling perceptibly, and though the sun still shines brightly there is a distinct touch of frost in the air. In the far distance the wild vibrating cry of the curlew is borne down to us on the breeze as the bird makes his way from the high grounds—where his mate is in all probability

busy with nesting—to the river-side for his evening meal. A pair of partridges whirr across the river, and have considerable difficulty in alighting among the thick undergrowth on the further bank. An absurdly confiding chaffinch patrols the bank beside us, and waits expectantly for the crumbs which are usually offered him. A common domestic fowl has also appeared on the scene, and apparently looks upon the smaller bird with scant favour, for she pursues him vigorously till she has driven him off. Sandpipers dart to and fro, skimming the surface of the water and uttering their musical twittering cry. They have only just arrived from the sunny South, and seem delighted to reach their summer haunts once again.

As we descend to the lower pool the sun is setting behind the hills to our west, and not a fish is showing. We begin to abandon hope of securing a salmon, and have fished the best part of the pool when a sudden heavy pull makes us realise that we are into a fish at last. For some minutes he sulks in the bottom of the pool, and is almost a dead-weight on the line. We begin to have grave fears lest he may prove to be a "tammed kelt," and these fears are not set at rest for some time, for he resolutely refuses to show himself, though his strength is a somewhat hopeful sign. At length, however, he springs clear of the water; and now there is no doubt of it, he is a clean run fish. Backwards and forwards he bores his way, and it is not until close on half-an-hour that he is taken from the water and found to be an excellent fish of over eleven pounds. On a shingly island below us we heard that evening the shrill cry of the oyster-catchers, whose nests have probably been destroyed by the recent spate; and the musical whistle of the redshank as he flits to his feeding-grounds down stream mingles pleasingly with the notes of the lapwing and the sandpiper.

Another interesting day after the salmon it was our good fortune to enjoy on one of the upper beats of the river. Here

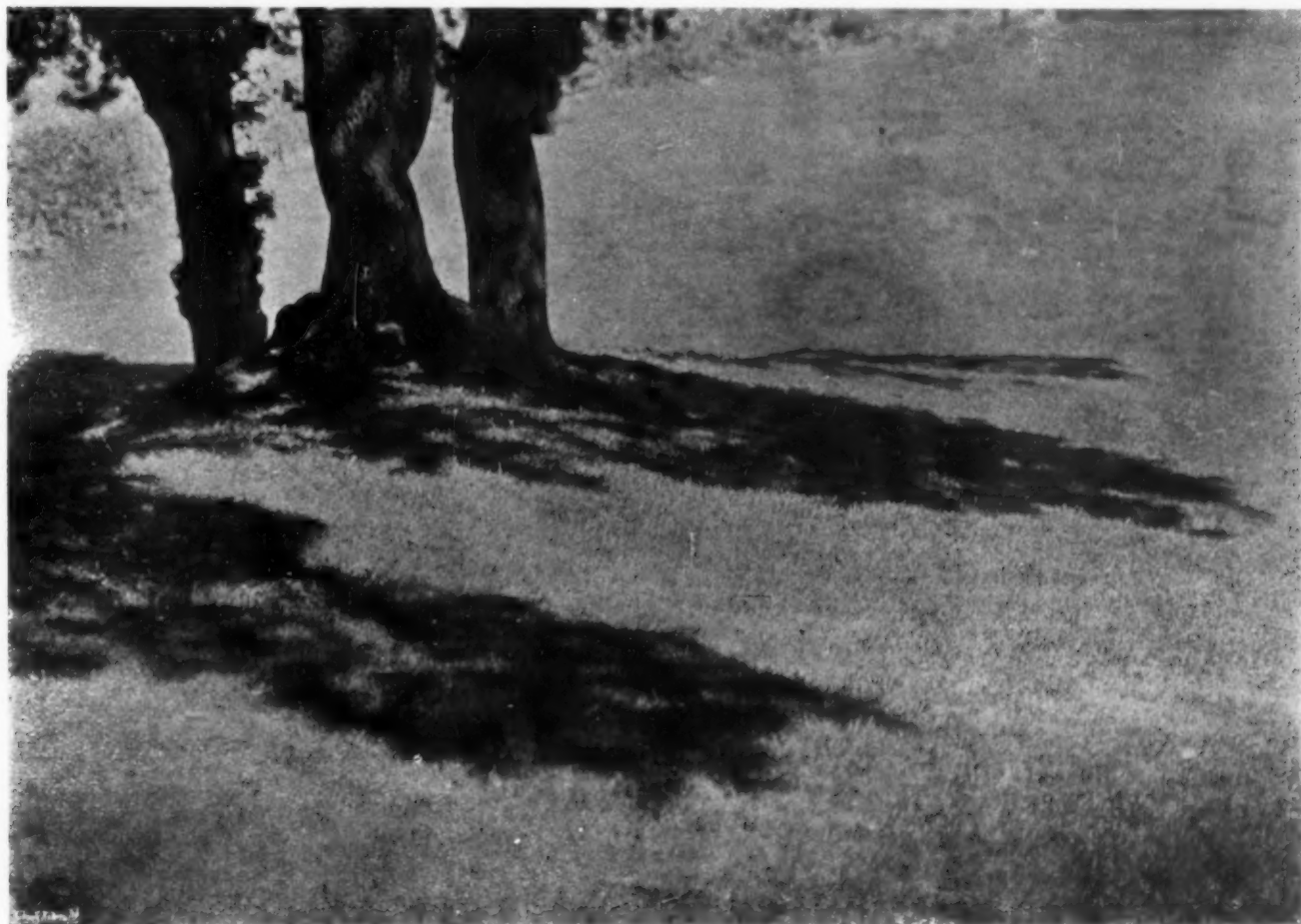
the scenery is wild in the extreme. For miles on end the river flows through wild moorlands, and the call of the cock grouse strikes almost incessantly on the ear. The day we are on the river is a typical one of late spring. The morning breaks dully with mist on the tops, and an easterly wind blows damply up the valley. Oyster-catchers fly restlessly to and fro or stand for long intervals on some prominent boulder in mid-stream, where they often seem to be deep in thought over matters of the gravest importance—for the oyster-catcher, to the mere ignorant mortal, is a bird of extreme wisdom. By midday, salmon are rising freely all round us, and we have secured a nice eight-pound fish, which gave us a quarter of an hour's hard struggle. We are interested in observing one cock pheasant and then another cross the river and alight with remarkable skill for so unwieldy a bird on the top of a precipitous gravel bank. Black-headed gulls, too, circle over the water at a great height, and occasionally a grouse flies rapidly over the river. Towards afternoon the sun shines for a time with intense power, rendering fishing practically useless; but towards evening the wind dies away and excellent light prevails. The salmon, which during the afternoon had not been showing, are now rising freely, and we fish a well-known pool with a certain amount of confidence. It is towards the end of the pool that a salmon takes our line. The gillie, who saw him for a brief second, is of opinion that he is a nice fish of about six pounds; but he is very powerful, and after being brought to within a few yards of the bank shoots right across the river and is not seen again for a considerable time. Ultimately, however, he begins to tire, and we certainly do not endorse the gillie's candid censure that we have been "too easy on him," for we have been giving him but little leeway since his first rush; and at length, when he is gaffed and weighed, the gillie is not the least surprised of us to find him turn the scale at sixteen pounds.

SETON GORDON.

SKETCHING WITH A CAMERA.

AS I sat on the warm hillside that summer day and looked at the patterns made by the tree shadows on the parched grass, I made up my mind to take a photograph of them; and then, lazily, to put off time (for it

was very pleasant lounging here, and photography with a big stand-camera is hot work), I began to ask myself why, after all, I should want to capture and imprison those shadow patterns. Apart altogether from questions of art



Ward Muir.

JUNE SHADOWS

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there seems no urgent reason why we should be in a hurry to prove that photography is an art, fine or otherwise—what is the motive that drives one to make records at all: records of such "things seen" as these shadows on that Scottish Lowland brae? Why is it that so many people, having observed a thing which pleases them, are immediately and imperatively forced to sketch it or paint it or photograph it or pen a description of it? There is, no doubt, a tinge of the collecting mania in this impulse; man differs from almost all the other animals in that he persistently catches and preserves non-eatables. It is one of his chief delights; and the non-eatables need by no means possess monetary value. But the inclination to cull pictures is something, one hopes, a degree worthier than the

photographs. That is plain enough. But the cause for his liking is a valid and reasonable cause. He takes a photograph because he feels the impulse to delineate what appears to him worthy. Whether it shall appeal to anyone else is of no consequence.

His photography is as personal to himself, as private as his own conscience, as are the greater arts to their practitioners. Probably he would be a painter, if he could. Or he might carry a sketch-book. But inasmuch as it is not given to all to be able to use pencil or brush, we accept the camera with thankfulness; and when the ignorant passer-by grins pityingly, we need not bother about him. We are taking our pleasure. Let him take his. Ours, we are convinced (as all hobby-riders are convinced), is the better pleasure. Besides, the same passer-by probably grins at the painter, too.

When I had put up my camera to photograph these shadows and had worked away for a space, shifting the instrument to and fro so as to arrange the picture well on the screen, a farm labourer came past and stopped to chat for a while, and he remarked that he supposed I was photographing the trees. I told him that the trees were hardly included in my picture at all; that what I was concerned with was not the trees, but the shadows cast by the trees, and that those shadows were sufficient in themselves; and I showed him the picture on the focussing-screen.

He kept his head under the black cloth for a minute or more, and when he emerged he said, "Aye, I can see now they're bonny, those shadows." Just so. When presented as a picture, compressed on the ground-glass in the camera, he could see that those shadows were bonny; and that, when one comes to think of it, is a large part of the purport of pictures and of books and of poems: they show us that the world is bonny (or ugly, as the case may be) when we had not particularly noticed it for ourselves. Things are easier to grasp in little than in large; furthermore, the maker of the picture—artist or photographer or writer—makes it by dint of omission, and so helps to concentrate the eyes on the essentials. Underneath my focussing-cloth the farm labourer not only saw many yards of landscape dwarfed to

a few inches; he was also prevented from seeing several miles of surroundings which did not matter; he was even prevented from seeing the upper portions of the trees; all he saw was their trunks and the shadows on the ground, the branches and foliage being left to his imagination. But, on a later occasion, when I met him again, he opened our conversation by saying, "I've seen some more bonny shadows since yon"; and never, I thought, has photography had a better testimonial. Having once, by the camera's aid, seen and isolated the bonny, we go about seeing the bonny elsewhere, again and again.

My friend the farm labourer, who was having a day off, was on his way down to the Annan with his rod to fish for trout,



Ward Muir.

AN ANGRY SKY.

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collector's craze. It is a zeal to render permanent the observations of that most fickle register, the brain; it is a desire that a new fact, added to our store, may not be mislaid or lost; and when that fact happens to be a beautiful fact, and the desire strongly takes the form of a passion to get its beauty, and nothing but its beauty, and, moreover, to get it beautifully, one may submit that the instinct of the artist is intruding, however faintly and unconsciously, into the mental processes.

So when the photographer is asked why he takes photographs, there is no need, as it seems to me, for him to retort by enquiring why the questioner collects stamps or goes angling. The photographer takes photographs because he likes taking

and I went with him, part of the distance, until we came to a knoll overlooking the wide, outstretched strath, at a point where the river, flowing shallowly over pebbles, made a long bend.

Here we parted, for again I wished to take a photograph, and this time there were serious difficulties to overcome, inasmuch as the camera obstinately declines to render "views"



Ward Muir. THE CORNER OF THE MEADOW. Copyright.

of a panoramic kind; the bigger the view the more paltry it appears on the plate. Mountains are always minimised by photography, for optical reasons; they are rendered with a hateful precision of perspective, to scale; and no eye, except, perhaps, that of the topographer, ever saw mountains to scale. When the mountains are not large, the camera is still crueller to them; it flattens them out into contemptible undulations, and, denying them colour, loses all that made them worth attention.

An expanse of country-side such as that at which I now found myself gazing is naught to the camera, and consequently the photographer has to devise some means of emphasis, or the picture will look vacant and pointless. Some outstanding object must be found, either to make a definite spot in the composition or to make a frame or foil to thrust back or bring forward the lines of the scene.

A group of trees which stood on the summit of the knoll gave me my opportunity; I "placed" one of them in the immediate forefront of my picture, less because the tree itself was particularly decorative (how a pencil artist would have altered it!) than in order to throw stress on the soft and charming simplicity of the background. There is no background anywhere without a foreground: a truth which the eye disregards, but which the photographer soon learns the folly of forgetting. My big tree, looming darkly up the side of the print, without root and without top, may not be all that could have been desired, but it had to serve. Without its helpful strength the landscape was void and the sky a flat area of nothingness. All of which is here thus naïvely set down not in defence of the picture, but in defence of photography. Even the most straightforward photography has its tricks and dodges, and the reasons for these are just what make the practice of the craft interesting, and just what prove that technique goes a little beyond the pouring on of the right developer or the pressing of the button to give the correct exposure.

"Composition," of course, is an indefinable thing, but its study makes stand-camera photography fascinating to a degree which the hand-camera user rarely fathoms. The third picture which I took that summer day was an attempt at "composition,"

an attempt to take Nature quite literally and to show that her lines are decorative or harmonious. The little stream that rippled round the corner of the meadow made a gentle half-circle, leading, in its sweep, up to an old, gnarled bush which, in its turn, sent forth a series of boughs in the form of a canopy above. It was, as my friend the ploughman would have said, bonny, and at the same time it was truth; and if one finds both the bonny and the true linked in Nature, then one finds a theme for the camera, especially when, as in this case, the whole affair is on a small scale. The landscape photographer habitually sees Nature in "bits," for a "bit" is better rendered by the camera than a range of Himalayas. Here, then, at the corner of the meadow, I had discovered a "bit," and the arranging it on my plate, the careful exaggeration of the depth of the foreground—even the camera can be made to exaggerate or suppress—the diffusing of certain trying and fussy details and so forth served pleasantly to fill the remainder of my afternoon.

I wandered homeward, in the evening, by way of the valley, and as I did so a wind rose and ominous clouds began to pile themselves against the westering sun. Now, though the camera does not render the earth's mountains well, it can catch some of the splendour of the sky's mountains. The tone-values in cloudscapes depicted by photography are not seldom wrong, but the outlines, the general impressiveness, are right and fine. Since the popularisation of photography, a great many persons have begun to note the gorgeous pageant which daily unfolds itself above their heads, for the veriest tyro soon learns that what is slangily called a bald-headed sky is inadmissible in his prints. And if photography has taught, say, a hundred thousand amateurs in Britain to look at the sky, the hobby is not to be sneered at.

My last picture, at all events, was a cloudscape, and already, as I took it, the raindrops began to patter on my camera's bellows. Quickly the apparatus was folded up, the



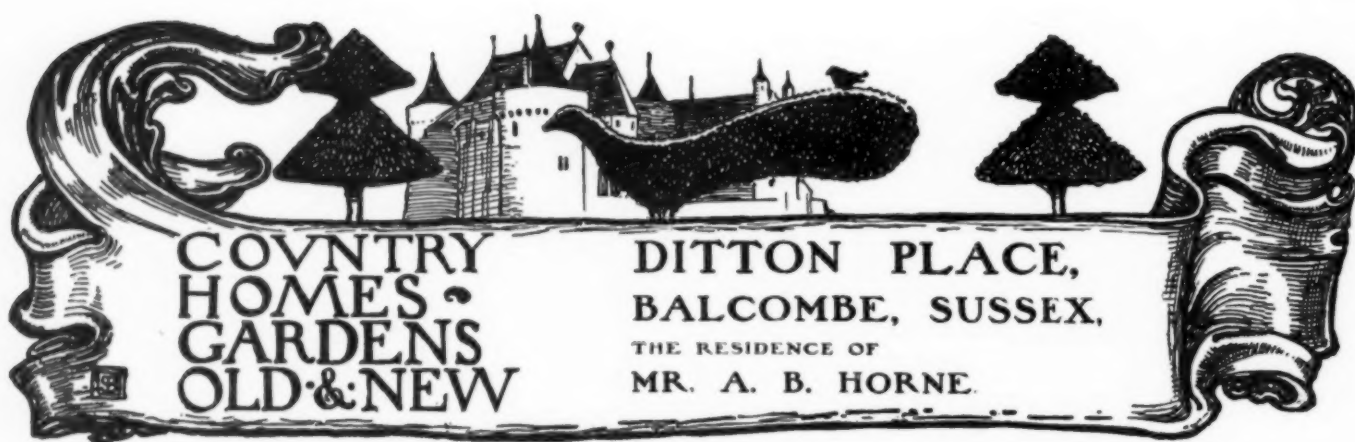
Ward Muir.

A QUIET VALLEY.

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bag slung on my shoulder and the tripod tucked under my arm. . . . Then home, drenched, to dry clothes and the tea-table. Afterwards, the hour in the darkroom, where, as the negatives appear, comes the agreeable sense of an outing well spent in the gaining of a few more pictorial notes—camera-sketches—for the album of holiday mementoes.

WARD MUIR.



BUILT so recently as 1904, Ditton Place occupies the site of an older but quite uninteresting house, which can claim, however, some slight place in our regard because it was once the home of Charles Reade. The new house is an interesting example of the art of Mr. Cecil Brewer and Mr. Dunbar Smith, who are perhaps better known for their public buildings than for their domestic work. Both in plan and elevation it bears evidence of very careful design. The fronts are marked by a large dignity, and while they are the outcome of fresh thought, they do right homage to English traditions of building. The house is placed somewhat unusually with reference to the points of the compass. The main fronts, instead of facing north for the entrance and south

for the main garden front, look east and west. The loggia consequently gets the full force of the evening sun, and a south aspect is generally regarded as more satisfactory. This is one of the many cases, however, where the contour of the site is the predominant factor, and as the ground slopes rather rapidly westwards, it was necessary that the house should be set with its longer faces looking east and west.

As will be seen from the illustrations, the gardens are a very attractive element in the complete scheme of Ditton Place. Professor Reginald Blomfield had designed the formal garden on the west side of the old house, and when the new was built it was left undisturbed, and the new gardens were made in the same spirit. Sundial and jardinière, box edging, flagged paths and rose chains conspire to make a delightful retreat, and elsewhere yew arches and flights of steps make fresh pictures at every turn. From the slope of the kitchen garden the stable stands out effectively, though perhaps the white key blocks of the round windows make it look a little restless.

The house is approached across a pleasant forecourt enclosed with posts and chains. After going through an entrance hall we reach a long gallery with panelled walls and a simply vaulted ceiling. At its north end is an ingeniously-contrived staircase, from the first landing of which there is a view not only down to the gallery and up to the first-floor corridor, but reaching still higher to the balustrading of the second floor. This is an achievement which looks simple enough in the photograph, but involved great skill in working out, and was well worth the doing. The same architects have carried out somewhat the same idea at the Albemarle Club. From the south end of the long gallery we reach the salon, an admirable room with cream-coloured walls, and unpolished mahogany doors which look distinguished with their flush panel and inlaid lines in ebony. Connected with this room is the library, divided by curtains, so that one end may serve as a stage for private theatricals, and the other as the auditorium. The dining-room, simply panelled in oak, is on the western front, and the kitchen quarters are conveniently ranged at the north end of the house. On the first floor the bedrooms open from an ample corridor, and on the top floor the practical eye notes with pleasure a nursery kitchen placed close to the nursery itself, and an attic consecrated to children's games, and long enough to provide a cricket pitch.

The house outside is pleasantly proportioned, built with rough-surfaced brick of a strong red, with which the slate roof with its mingled tints of blue and orange and the green paint of the jalousies make effective contrast. The stone quoins of the house in cream-coloured stone with their straight vertical lines are reminiscent of the treatment of the corners of the so-called Wren's House at Chichester, but



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A SILENT RECORDER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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A FORMAL GARDEN

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FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

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THE SOUTH-EAST CORNER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

their sunk panelling gives a touch of difference. The round lines of the pediments give a French accent to the house, and remind one of Gabriel's treatment of the Invalides in Paris. When curved instead of straight pediments were used in English Renaissance work, segments were generally adopted rather than half-circles, as by Wren at Morden College. The window beneath the pediment over the loggia gives a hint of Italian baroque. Altogether

One hears a house of the English Renaissance described in such a phrase as "with a front like a Greek temple." It is, of course, true that Hellenic architecture had an influence upon the later phases of English classical work, but practically not until the middle of the eighteenth century, when Stuart and Revett came back from Greece with their portfolios full of drawings of the temples they had measured, and the Society of Dilettanti hailed them as the prophets of a new architectural gospel.



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THE LOGGIA FROM THE NORTH-WEST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

it will be seen that the design, though it presents a marked unity and reasonableness, is not based on any slavish devotion to one style or period.

People are apt to read into the history of the Renaissance of classical architecture an idea that it was based on an analysis of all preceding ways of building. In particular it is sometimes believed that it had some relation to Greek architecture.

Their influence continued through Sir John Soane and Wilkins down to Cockerell and Elmes, but the point of view they represented must not be confused with the motives governing the high tide of the English Renaissance which received its direction from the genius of Inigo Jones and Wren. Their work was based almost wholly on Italian models. Italy had seen in her architectural Renaissance the re-birth of the spirit of Imperial



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THE ENTRANCE FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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FROM THE NORTH-WEST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Rome incorporated in the over-shadowing power of the Papacy, and was concerned with Roman and not with Greek ideas. This Italian Renaissance of architecture was formulated as a system by Palladio with Vitruvius as a basis. It was Palladio who was accepted by Inigo Jones as the supreme guide, and through Jones by everybody who followed for the next hundred years, except by Wren, whose native genius imparted a strong English accent to the Italian tongue. It is impossible to see the work of the hundred years from 1650 to 1750 in its right perspective unless it is realised that the buildings of Imperial Rome were the fount of English inspiration. In this connection it may be remembered that Sir William Chambers, who built Somerset House towards the end of the eighteenth century, so strongly retained the Roman spirit of Wren that he could speak of Greek architecture with the disrespect involved in the phrase, "the gouty columns of the Parthenon." If, in spite of this strong traditional feeling, the newer Grecians prevailed, it must have been from an instinctive feeling that some element was lacking in the current mode.

If we enquire what this might have been, we shall probably find that it found expression in Adam's constructed internal



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THE STABLES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

decoration of his age. Over-boastfully, perhaps, he claimed to have effected a great revolution, and to be the originator of a new

style of elegant and tasteful decoration far surpassing the heavy efforts of his contemporaries. Innovators must perhaps be allowed to use hard terms in virtue of the difficulty of their task; and without admitting all his claims to superiority, we can, at any rate, agree that he and his brothers founded a style for interior work, to be known ever after by their name. The Greek revival, however, displaced for a time their vogue by its stronger classic claims and more consistent style. After both currents had been overwhelmed temporarily by the deluge of the Gothic revival, a fusion was effected of Roman, Greek and Palladian ideals which is the basis of the free school of the present day. The architects of Ditton Place show to the trained eye the outcome of a wide classical study and the acquirement of much architectural technique. It is needless to indicate origins closely, always provided that the designer is so much the master of his materials as to be able to impress upon his work the character of a coherent whole. It is clear gain where the ground is so broken up that the designer acquires, though at his peril, power to enrich current modes with elements from outside. There is a stiffening of effect when each style in its turn strives to cover the whole field in an impossible exclusiveness. We know how the weaker followers of Palladio propounded an universal architecture based on his work, while Wilkins went so far as to claim Divine authority for the Greek Doric traced back to the first temple of Jerusalem. Urged



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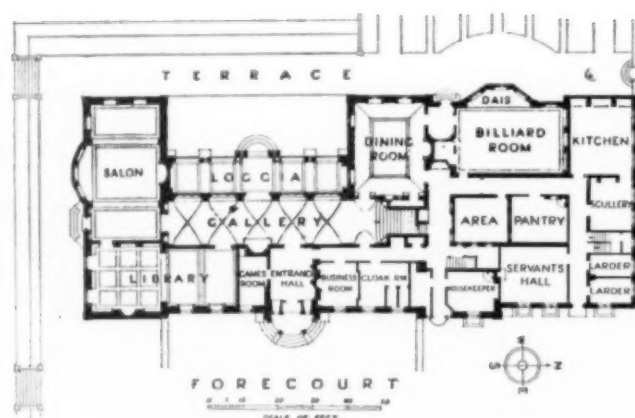
IN THE LOGGIA.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

by such misguided appreciation, he could dump in an English park a solid temple of a house calculated to destroy for ever the claims of Greek art in the eyes of the sober-minded. What we ask of Greek enthusiasm is an inspiration that infuses refinement and delicacy, and, above all, proportion in all the meaning in which the Greeks themselves used the word. To proportion, considered as the right relation of parts, the suitability of scale and, not least, of propriety to the end in view, we must look for the basis of that expressiveness which is the crowning and final merit of Greek ideas as embodied in such masterly compositions as the Doric order. The task of the architectural designer is at once difficult and complex, for he is the heir of great traditions, and guardian, as it were, of the reputation of past styles evolved out of generations of combined effort. He has yet, in modifying their form, to invade their sanctities in pursuit of an ideal adapted to the changed framework of society. Revolution in taste should, in fact, be nothing more than the ploughing of the field, the clearance of the weeds and the introduction of new elements to fertilise the original soil. It is always an alarming process to the sedentary intelligence, and it has often been destructive with the force of a stream broken loose. None the less, the reflective mind sees in its vagaries only the working out of the adaptation of the building arts to each century's needs. It is by this that architecture claims to be civilisation's record in every epoch.

THE OLD COUNTRY-SIDE

WHAT is a country-side? In descriptions of that old English rural life which passed away during the last century, the word was used to signify any cluster of villages and hamlets, with, it may be, a small market town, lying



GROUND FLOOR PLAN.

so near to one another that each joined with all in social intercourse. In those days from Easter to the following New Year the calendar was sprinkled with feasts and merry-makings. Moreover, every village held a revel on the day of the saint to whom its church was dedicated, to which trooped all the neighbours from the adjacent parishes. I picture the characteristic English country-side an undulating slope with its face towards the south, looking down upon a grassy valley and a winding brook. On the hillside a constellation of settlements, villages of different sizes, but each with church and mansion

well in view among the humble roofs and dwellings. Dotted among the fields outlying homesteads, lesser stars of unimportant magnitude. And until the train began its meteoric journeys through the valley the country-side was self-contained, forming altogether a social system beyond which none but the bold or restless willingly ventured.

In prelocomotive days rural life was very idyllic, or at least appeared so—from the opposite height. It appears so still when looked at across the gap hewn out by modern change. The folk of Upton went trapesing down the hill, and the young chaps and maidens of Sutton and Norton, all in their best, by primrose lanes and paths through cowslip-sprinkled meadows, hastened to Netherton on the afternoon of St. Dunstan's Day. On St. John's the bells of Upton from the tower against the sky rang a midsummer invitation to all within hearing. Sutton Feast was on July 20th, Norton on St. Matthew's Day. But whether at wake, wedding, May-games or sheep-shearing, the company was pretty much the same. The stranger who had come but ten miles, if unknown, was a "foreigner." The wanderer of foreign race was always an Italian. On the old country-side a few family names trickled down through the



centuries from times earlier than parish records, and all neighbours were more or less akin. The degree of relationship, however remote, was remembered and used as a kind of title both in address and narrative. And all the relatives knew everything about each one of the others, or thought they did.

Of all the quaint characters familiar to my boyhood none has left a deeper impression on my memory than Cousin Susan Purdy. We lived in the market town, about ten miles from the village where Cousin Susan Purdy still remained, and she came to see us on certain fixed occasions from which she never varied. The coming of Cousin Susan Purdy was to us an unmixed joy. The railway, with its straight embankment and three red-brick arches within a mile to span the winding stream, had already intersected our quiet valley. But Cousin Susan Purdy had sworn she would never "sit herself down" in a train. She declared she would sooner walk barefoot if she dropped at the end of the journey. She said to her mind it was going in the face of Providence to ride in a train since the Almighty had made horses and without help from man. That argument "without help from man" seemed to her unanswerable, and she always repeated it. She predicted a sudden termination to the impiety of trains. "They may go for a time," she said, "as a kind o' curossity an' whilst they be new, but answer they never can nor will. I may not live to see it my own self, but you children will for certain sure. One o' these days there'll be a accident wi' loss o' life. Then folk won't ride no more, an' money an' labour spent in vain. An' verily an' truly they be ill-convenient as tes. Screechen, ugly, terrifyen things, I do call 'em, that can't pick ee up neet put ee down to your own door." So Cousin Susan Purdy continued to travel by road.

Year after year without a break Cousin Susan Purdy ate a Christmas goose with us. She also came in June to "summer fair." On the fair day quite a procession of two-wheeled carts came jogging into the town, and among the neighbours there was competition for the company of Cousin Susan Purdy. But on Christmas Day the case was different. Everybody had a Christmas goose at home, and Cousin Susan Purdy was forced to make her own arrangements. She higgled with the wheelwright of Netherton to drive her in and beat him down from half a sovereign to three half-crowns. The wheelwright of Netherton, by name Peter Fry, possessed a low, four-wheeled pony carriage, acquired as the result of a very intricate deal, and a mule. Although Cousin

Susan Purdy was inclined to apologise for the mule, as being an animal wanting in style, any little shortcoming on that side was fully atoned for by his excellent behaviour. The carriage, while leaving something to be desired



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DITTON PLACE: THREE FLOORS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

in the matter of paint and a better cushion, was easy to step in and out of; while the front seat "proved most wonderful handy," since it admitted of the paper parcel, the reticule, the bandbox and the wicker basket being all kept under the eye

of Cousin Susan Purdy throughout the whole of the journey. Peter Fry was stout, elderly, a solitary bachelor and a driver with whom one might feel safe. Although from a delicate feeling of propriety Cousin Susan Purdy could have preferred to have been driven by a married man, yet with Peter in his Sunday clothes she felt conscious of an appearance not altogether ungenteel.

This was an important consideration, for Cousin Susan Purdy was a lady of independent means. Her means were not large, but her independence magnificent. She would only consent to our defraying the cost of her expedition on the ground that our sending for her would involve a double journey. It was a great consolation to her to contribute the apple-sauce. Not until after midsummer did Peter Fry present the account and wait for an answer.

To Haulen Miss Susan Purdy.
theren back

100 . 07 . 06.

This visit of Cousin Susan Purdy was one of the most delightful features of our Christmas festivity. We thought of her as a link between ourselves and the past, and she brought the atmosphere of the old country-side whence we sprang. She wore always a gown of thick corded black silk, the quality of which was above suspicion, because it was made out of weepers. For years Cousin Susan Purdy had collected weepers. Whenever there was a death in the family, Cousin Susan Purdy went in advance to some male relative, a man unmarried and showing no signs of sickening for matrimony, to bespeak, as it were, the enormous flowing hatband which was to express his bereavement at the funeral. Thus the sleeves of Cousin Susan Purdy's gown had mourned for Grandfather Purdy. The body had wept over the untimely fate of Aunt Selina's little Mary, but the skirt had followed Great-Uncle Lapstone to the grave. There was a belief that a gown such as Cousin Susan Purdy's could never wear out. Cousin Susan Purdy, however, would not venture to go quite so far as that. All she could affirm for certain was, "Wi' a gown made o' weepers the wearer do always wear out first."

Cousin Susan Purdy wore white stockings and elastic-sided boots of black cashmere. She liked to rest them on the fender of a Christmas afternoon, sitting with a glass of sherry wine in her hand. She was not a very large person, but sufficiently round and stout. Being sensitive on this point, when explaining herself she would hold out two plump wrists to prove that verily and truly she ought almost to be called spare. She complained that her cheeks, being a bit fat, gave the world an altogether false impression as to her general condition. But her face was so comely, so free from care, so jolly under her smooth grey hair, parted in the middle, that nobody could be critical of a nose a little like a mushroom and jowls a trifle square. She framed her smiling countenance in a wonderful cap of black net and lace, sprinkled with a very fair crop of little flowers like heliotropes, and here and there a rosette of mauve satin ribbon. A broad string of mauve satin hung down on each side. At her throat was a square brooch set with seed pearls and containing two little locks of hair. On her wrist a hair bracelet, curiously plaited and interplaited, strengthened with

a bar and fastened with a clasp of gold. On her third finger a mourning ring with hair. The story of that ring was the only one that Cousin Susan Purdy did not tell.

All her tales were of the old country-side and the relatives. They are still extant, though it is impossible to find room for more than one in this paper. Perhaps you never heard of Uncle Job Purdy. He was a celebrated and successful man.

Just as to-day there are reformers who will not eat meat, reformers who will not drink and many others who, looking through the thin stratum of acquired habit, perceive a deeper wisdom underneath, so there were great souls in time past. Uncle Job Purdy was one of these. Uncle Job Purdy abstained from wearing socks. He considered it an absurd, unwholesome habit, and imputed his robust health and fine old age to his use for footwear of a wisp of sweet meadow hay. He said no man need ever suffer a cold in the head if he would only give up wearing socks. All complaints, in the opinion of Uncle Job Purdy, had their origin in getting wetfooted. A man, in a manner of speaking, is in no wise different to a stone house. If the damp is allowed to rise, it must and will cause a mildew inside. Therefore, a dampcourse is requisite. But socks are no dampcourse. They soak up wet. Now a bit o' sweet hay—Then consider the cleanliness, the comfort and the economy. Why, in less than a week a sock is in creases, and if you do but walk a plough-ground with a clay soil, there's a galled heel. But la! a bit o' sweet hay, now, is so soft as a bird's nest. Or say leather is hard and stiff, a bit o' sweet hay 'ull shape to the foot so true as a hare's form. Or take a field o' long grass, of a early morning, silver white with dew. Dew is through shoe-leather in half a crack, and your sock is a sponge. But at the first rick you can sit yourself down and have a dry change wi' your bit o' fresh hay. And no knitting, no washing, no darning.

Uncle Job Purdy lived true to his principles, and suffered for them also. His mind was bent upon getting at the rights of it concerning a little Purdy property left in trust. He swore he'd go up to London town, to Doctors' Commons, and read the will, by George! He said if the money went as he believed, he'd stay in Town three or four days and see the waxworks. The law affair proved satisfactory, yet Uncle Job Purdy was home in a jiffy. He said London was a terrible one-eyed place, where, for the life of him, a man could not tell where to look for a bit o' sweet hay for his boots. Rather than put on socks, Uncle Job Purdy turned round and took the next coach back.

I revere the memory of Cousin Susan Purdy. Her yarns drew me like cart ropes to the old country-side of the stock from which I came. She bestowed on me a kingdom peopled with a folk that are no more. But I saw them while they lingered on amid changing surroundings, which by contrast made them appear odd and quaint. They linger still by the great porch to the old homestead, under the shadow of the churchyard yew, or around the steps of some battered village cross which stands where the ways meet. Pale phantoms of the imagination, they mingle with the living to bestow a double humanity upon the old country-side. Nobody need ever be lonely who is at home on a country-side.

WALTER RAYMOND.

FURNITURE OF THE XVII. & XVIII CENTURIES.

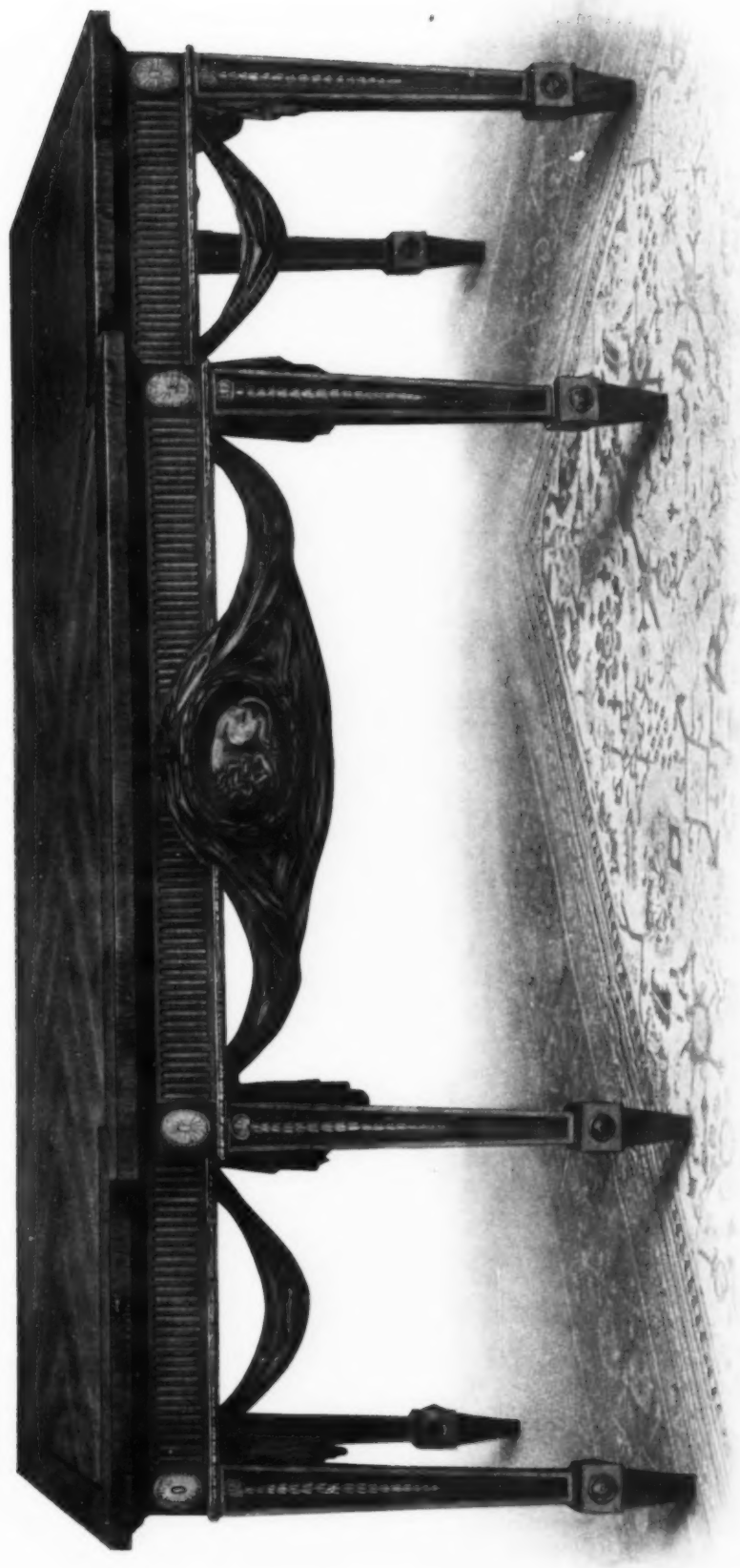
AN INLAID SIDEBOARD.

SIDEBOARD-TABLES, generally accompanied by pedestals surmounted by urns, preceded in date the more convenient form of sideboard with deep drawers and cupboards, all comprised in the one piece. The surface of early sideboard-tables was entirely of mahogany, sometimes enriched with carved mouldings, but towards 1770 they began to be inlaid with various woods, and the better examples were often ornamented with elaborate and costly brass mountings.

A very fine specimen with two pedestals and urns has been recently acquired by Sir W. H. Lever of Thornton Manor, Cheshire, from Messrs. Isaacs. The sideboard is shown in the accompanying coloured plate, and one of the two pedestals with urns will be illustrated in next week's issue. The sideboard greatly resembles those at Harewood, which are known to have been designed by Adam and made by Chippendale. They were supplied to Mr. Edwin Lascelles, Esq., Lord Harewood's ancestor, about the year 1770. This can be proved by studying Chippendale's bills, which are preserved in the house. There are also invoices and detailed accounts of other pieces supplied to Mr. Lascelles in 1773 of very similar workmanship—an inlaid satinwood lady's dressing commode and a lady's inlaid writing commode, now both in the boudoir at Harewood, and also a writing-table, which has inlay and metal-work almost exactly

corresponding in treatment, scale and style to that on the pedestals in the illustration. These interesting bills, amounting to many thousands of pounds, prove without doubt that even before 1770 Chippendale was working under Adam's direction, and was a fashionable producer of inlaid and veneered furniture; but it is idle to speculate whether Chippendale and Adam in conjunction made this particular sideboard with its pedestals and urns, for there is nothing to prove this was the case. Perhaps far too much stress has been laid of late in endeavouring to assign furniture to particular makers, for this is only unconstructive, apt to give a fictitious and transient value to a piece, and, unless absolutely verified, merely misleading. It is safer to classify by the merits of design, proportion, detail and colour.

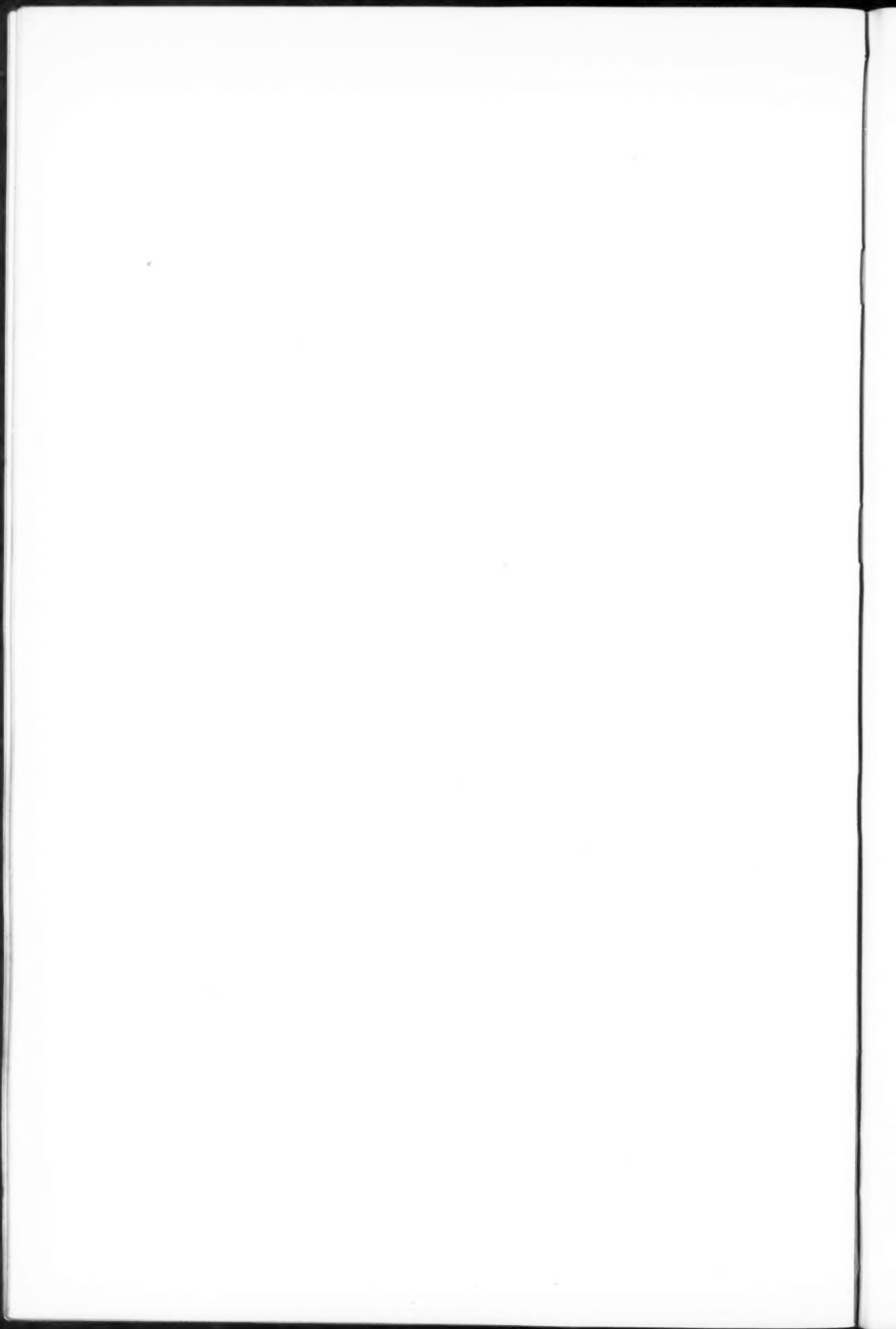
In the present instance everything points to the sideboard, together with its pedestals and urns, having been made between the years 1770 and 1775. The top of the table, which is seven feet eight inches long, is veneered with a herring-boning of yew six inches wide, bordered in mahogany and edged with rosewood, resting on a file of darkened wood; the mahogany frieze is fluted, intersected with oval pateræ of holly, the design on them being etched with fine lines and bordered with a rose and ribbon base member of boldly-chased brass. Below this, swags, carved in pearwood to represent drapery, start at the intersection of the legs, forming a centre pendant which encloses a lion dormant.



INLAID SIDEBOARD TABLE

ENGLISH FURNITURE
Of the 17th and 18th Centuries

The Property of
SIR W. H. LEVER, BART.



the legs are of mahogany, inlaid with husked pendants of holly wood with borders and bases of sycamore, the latter centring with fine brass pateræ. The pedestals and urns differ somewhat in motive from the side table, but this difference is obviously intentional and occurs also on the Harewood set. The vase-shaped urns and covers are of staved pear, a wood remarkably close in the grain and little affected by change of temperature; they are two feet four inches high and one foot two inches in diameter, and inlaid with stained woods, the greens having faded to a light olive brown; these are encircled with two bands of an open brasswork galoche and husked pendants over half an inch in width; on each side are finely-chased

goats' heads, the long, curved horns ingeniously forming handles; the tap head and spout are prolonged and beautiful in shape.

Hepplewhite in his "Guide," published a few years later, says of these vases: "They may be used to hold water for the use of the Butler, or iced water for drinking which is enclosed in an inner partition, the ice surrounding it. Pedestals are much used in Spacious dining rooms, one pedestal serves as a plate warmer being provided with racks and a stand for heater, the other pedestal is used for other purposes." The pedestals will be fully described in next week's issue, with an illustration of one of them.

PERCY MACQUOID.

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

AT this moment, when the representatives of the more remote parts of the Empire are on the point of returning to their own homes, and the turmoil of the Coronation is subsiding and leaving us in the old quiet way, it may not be out of place to consider the book which Mr. Charles J. Rolleston has called *The Age of Folly* (John Milne). The author, even as the Biblical prophets lifted up their burden against Israel, raises a wild lament about the foolishness of this generation of Englishmen. One should not accept or reject his rebukes merely on the ground that they are pessimistic. The type of Englishman who existed in the middle of last century, the strong, aggressive, prejudiced islander, has ceased to exist. If his successor to-day has a fault, it is, perhaps, that of listening with too much readiness and facility to those who point out his weaknesses. We sometimes think that our countryman of the moment is too apologetic a creature. Whether this be so or not, it is certain that Mr. Rolleston has given us much food for thought in the present volume. His argument, to a large extent, is historical. He recites his version of the history of several great nations which have existed and have decayed in the past, and draws lessons from them for the benefit of his contemporaries. Now, it is true that there is no guide of greater merit than history; but history, to be instructive, needs to be very carefully and wisely read. A little while ago Mr. Asquith took occasion to remark that the chapter of accidents is the Bible of fools, meaning thereby that the foolish man takes an accidental happening as a cause, when it probably is nothing of the kind. We have known of a man who would never ride a black horse because a black horse once fell down with him. His reading of history was the foolish one that the colour was the cause of the accident. This is an extreme example; but it illustrates the fact that the closest discernment is necessary to discriminate between the alleged and the real causes of the decay of any country. Mr. Rolleston begins with Vijayanagar. This Indian city was at one time the capital of a great Pagan Empire; but the people, like Jeshurun, "waxed fat and kicked." In other words, they gave up the hardy, warlike habits that had made them supreme, and gave way to the vices of lust and indolence and pleasure, becoming finally so enervated that in the course of a single battle they became thralls of the rude tribesmen by whom they were surrounded. He follows that up with a version all his own of the history of the decline and fall of the Roman Empire. Now, most of us remember that, when schoolboys, it was dinned into our ears that, even as the Roman Empire had failed to maintain its leading place among the countries of Europe, so the Empire of Britain was doomed to follow in its footsteps. Well, there is something dangerous in this line of argument. It is the same as if someone were to say that, because a predecessor had died of a particular disease—say paralysis—therefore we must die of the same disease. Now, all men must die; but the wise physician will diagnose the symptoms of the case before him, and not hastily conclude that, because a strong man had some time before gone down under a certain disease, therefore one who resembled him would do the same. The diseases—that is to say, the vices—of Rome were not altogether those to which the moralist of the present day can point his finger. Mr. Rolleston has studied the fate of Rome too exclusively through the tendency of the people. He never mentions an Emperor or an Emperor's ambitions; yet surely the character of such men as Julius Cæsar, Mark Antony and Augustus Cæsar had something to do with the fall of Rome. Again, Jugurtha, according to Sallust, exclaimed when he first saw Rome, "Behold a city to be bought." The corruption of officials in Rome has no parallel to-day. Soldiers were bought, judges were bought, everything was bought. No one would allege that the taking of bribes was a conspicuous blot on the British civilisation of the twentieth century. The Roman nobles became

effeminate. They gambled, they were immoral in their relations with women, they watched the gladiators, and they cultivated every softening art in those picturesque and delightful villas which they loved to create. These are not the most conspicuous faults of the young English nobleman to-day. He is, as a rule, a man of his hands. He rows, plays cricket and golf and football and polo. He is a mighty hunter of big game, a daring experimentalist on a flying-machine, and often a skilled motorist. These are certainly not such nerve-shattering pursuits as those in which the youth of Rome were wont to indulge. The Roman matron, at the time when decay set in, was a woman who practised and inculcated the most mischievous forms of luxury. She surrounded herself with slaves and eunuchs, attended gladiatorial fights, and often saw the defeated combatant killed in cold blood, and was thoroughly unfit to breed and nourish the young Roman warriors of an earlier date. Her offspring were, like herself, luxurious and foolish. Will the women of to-day come out well from the comparison? We hope so; and yet they have many occupations as frivolous as those that occupied the minds of the Roman women. They refuse to have children at all, and so escape the accusation of making a generation like themselves. But, of course, there is a saving remnant of noble women who devote themselves to good works, who lead simple and healthy lives, and who are the very salt of the earth. We see no parallel, therefore, between Rome and Great Britain as far as the features go to which we have alluded. Mr. Rolleston makes a great deal of a decline of agriculture that occurred in Rome and has also happened in Great Britain. But here we do not think he reads history with intelligence. The languishing state of British agriculture from 1879 to 1901 or 1902 arose from a huge accidental increase of the world's food supply, not from any of the causes that led the Romans to neglect cultivation. Mr. Rolleston does not understand the agricultural question as it exists at the moment. He talks of land going out of cultivation, farms being deserted and farms being broken up. All this might have been true ten years ago, but it is no longer an approximation to the truth. If he follows the recent sales by auction, he will see that the price of land has been steadily going up—a sure sign that the depression has passed away.

However, let us hasten onward to ask what are his practical suggestions. He regards the amount of unemployment as one of the worst signs of the times; but what we would like him to do is to compare the numbers of those who are out of work now with the beggars of the past. Langland tells of the unemployed beggars that infested the country in the fourteenth century, some ostensibly belonging to the mendicant orders of the church, others being the most ordinary form of tramp and beggar. In confirmation of his account we might refer Mr. Rolleston to the poet Dunbar, who confesses with bold candour to going about as a begging friar, evidently one of a horde, and even committing many crimes under the monastic garb. Has there ever been a time in England when unemployed did not exist in large numbers? Is there any reason to believe that there are more to-day than ever there were? These are questions that should be answered, not with rhetoric, but with a statement of hard facts so far as they have been ascertained. Further, it would appear that the author wrote before Mr. Lloyd-George had given a hint of his latest attempt to deal with unemployment. We are by no means sure that the Chancellor is on the right track, or that even his policy of giving pensions to old people, whether they have been wise and prudent or not, is conducive to the formation of a strong national character; but even those who do not care for what the Chancellor of the Exchequer has done must admit that he has at least made a bold and vigorous attempt to deal with an admitted evil. Will his proceedings cover all the ground that the present Poor Law covers? We doubt if that is possible; but if not, it will be for Mr. Rolleston and others to put forward an alternative policy, and to do that

it is not at all necessary to believe in the degeneration of the race. Each and all of us can surely work for its improvement without taking it as a basic belief that the tide of British success has touched its point of highest flow and must now recede.

HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL.

The Marriage of Barbara, by Frankfort Moore. (Constable.)

CHARM and humour are not usually associated with history and adventure, therefore their appeal in the pages of an historical novel is the more irresistible. Mr. Moore treats his characters with an undercurrent of wit that adds amusement to interest. Their talk is real talk, so full of pungency and aptness that their old-world language is never allowed to soften into the usual sentimental drivel of an historical romance. The plot is highly romantic, however. Barbara is married, at her uncle's command, to the spy whom, out of irresistible pity, she has concealed in her bedchamber for a night and a day in the old Royalist castle which is being besieged by the Roundheads. Even in the hour of their strange marriage, and ere the bridegroom can be taken to the rope that awaits him in the courtyard, there is an attack on the castle. It nearly succeeds, and in the confusion the spy escapes, unknown, unnamed, the husband of Barbara, heiress of Sir Humfry Lefroy. The rest of the tale is taken up with his reappearance, his identity, and the means he and Sir Humfry adopt in order to turn this tragic marriage into a happy one. It is an excellent tale, for the history is good history and the people are real people, humorous and courageous; and if the incognito of Gilbert Rodman is never the impenetrable thing to the reader that it was to Barbara, Barbara herself is charming enough to make the reader glad to guess so pleasant a secret so soon.

ANOTHER SUCCESS.

The Legacy, by Mary S. Watts. (Macmillan.)

THAT which Miss Watts did for a man in "Nathan Burke," she does for a woman in her new book, *The Legacy*. It is a clever, affectionate and impartial study of the innermost mind of a human being. Letty is of an old family in Charlottesville, New Jersey. Her branch of it has fallen on evil days, mainly because of the incompetency of her relatives. But Letty has cast back to another generation. In the midst of these shiftless, sinking, commonplace people, she makes her way

with a curious watchful pride, taken in by nobody, giving all that is asked of her with the same unmoved acuteness, and perfectly aware throughout of the legacy she has inherited from the beautiful grandmother of whose history none of the family ever speaks. Round this interesting and unusual figure Miss Watts has drawn the environment of a New Jersey city, filled with a crowd of living figures—Letty's Breen relatives, the social leaders of the town, the climbers, the workers—all described in a leisurely, familiar style, curiously reminiscent of Thackeray in its mingling of clear-sightedness and kindness, and yet fully virile and original. To one reader at least a new book of Miss Watts' writing is a certain delight. She has the double gift of surfaces and hearts. She can describe all the outside minglings, points of contact, customs, habits, follies and efforts which go to make up what is called a society, till it lives and moves before our eyes; and at the same time she can show us beneath it the single life moving alone, unknown and silent, its motives all its own, solitary in its self-knowledge; even as each one of us is solitary and unknown, save at that point of contact with our surroundings which reveals so little. There is some beautiful writing in the book, arising from that insight into human nature, at once acute and kindly, which Miss Watts possesses in so marked a degree; and the language throughout is something to be grateful for, so literary and restrained is it.

DRAMA IN WEST AFRICA.

A Tropical Tangle, by Louise Gerard. (Mills and Boon.)

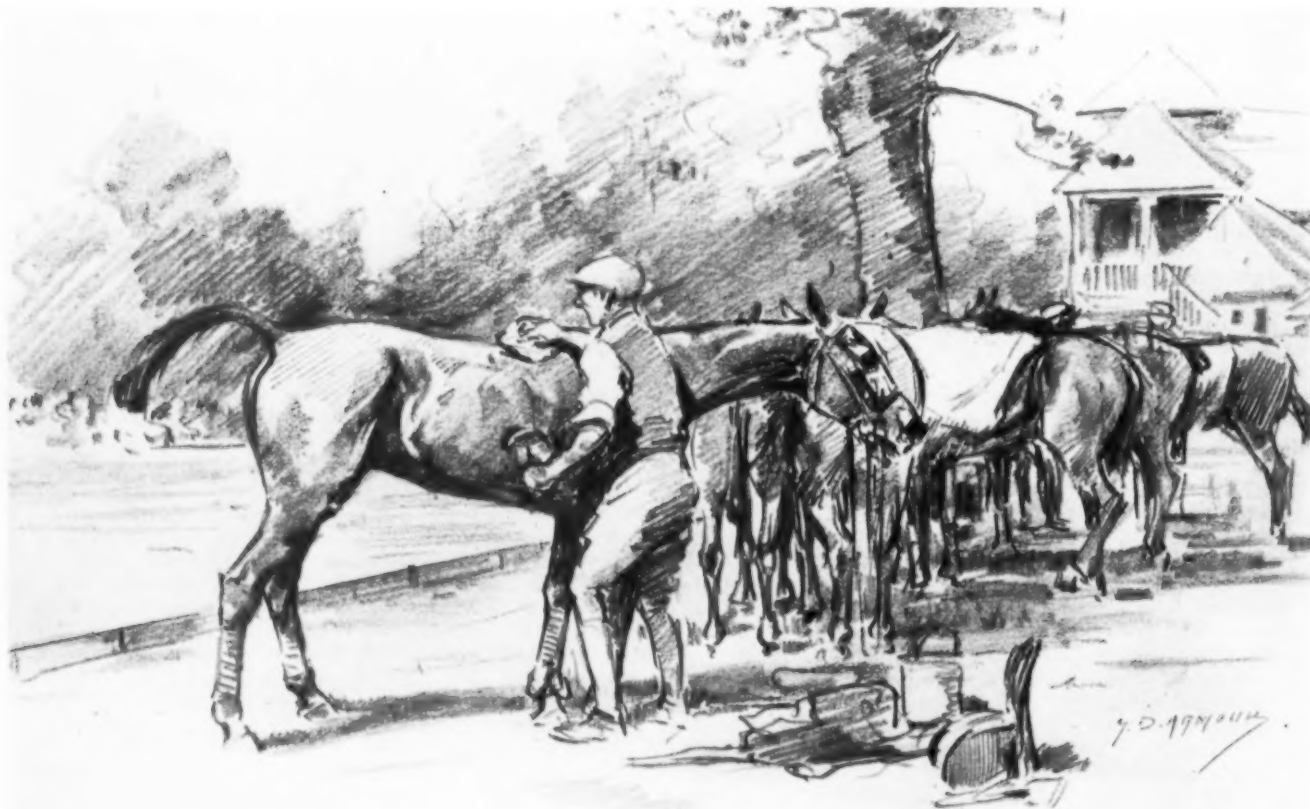
THE long arm of coincidence is perhaps stretched a little far in this story, for the chance meeting of all the chief characters in the same spot in West Africa after they have met in a desperate adventure in a side street in London seems somewhat unlikely. Still, stranger things than that happen in real life, and once Miss Gerard gets her people together she makes a capital story out of them and their tropical surroundings. To those who love to hear of the wild places of the earth, her descriptions of the terrors and beauties of that steaming clearing in the heart of the West African forest, where Dorothy is nurse to the mine and Harrison manager and Ashly Commissioner, will be full of interest, while the characters themselves have enough reality to add a human interest to the interest of Nature. The timid, proud Dorothy, and the burly, low-born Harrison, who is, in spite of his birth and roughness, a real hero, are the best drawn, and their adventures and mistakes on the road to mutual understanding make very good reading.

POLO NOTES.

ALDERSHOT DAY AT RANELAGH.

ONLY once before in the many years I have seen polo at Ranelagh has there been a larger assemblage than gathered on Saturday, June 17th, at the Barn Elms Club. There were about six thousand people present, but there was room for all, nor was the presence of so large a crowd any hindrance to the pleasure and convenience of the members and their friends. On another occasion much might be said of the music of the massed bands of five hundred and eighteen performers. One distinguished soldier who was present remarked that he had never heard English military bands

play with such perfection. But the polo is my topic. There were six ties in the Aldershot Challenge Cup, and it may be said that all were well contested. Every player did his best, and Service polo showed to great advantage. It must have occurred to lookers-on with what fine material the captains of regimental teams have to work. If the combination was not so close and accurate as in the first-class teams, the result of the fine training which enabled our soldier players in America to combine so well with so little practice was notable. The average of skill was high on Saturday. In control of the ball and in playing their strokes out some of the teams need but little more practice to bring them



AFTER THE CHANGE.

to Inter-regimental form. The pace, too, was well sustained, and the power of striking and aiming at top speed was remarkable in many cases. The best team, that of the 7th Hussars, won as they did last year, and very little, if at all, behind them was the Aldershot Staff. These teams met in the final, and both had already played through very severe struggles in the semi-final ties, the 7th Hussars only defeating the 1st Life Guards after extra time, and the Aldershot Staff being "all out" to beat the 3rd Dragoon Guards by one goal. In the final the 7th Hussars, being the younger men, stayed the best; moreover, their ponies were better and had the advantage of regimental combination, so they won by 4 goals to 1. The winning team was made up of Mr. D. McCalmont, Mr. G. Meyrick, Captain Kelly and Mr. A. C. Watson, the last-named playing a good game at back. The teams which showed a great improvement were the 2nd Dragoon Guards and the 3rd Dragoon Guards.

Though the competition for the Infantry Cup was not quite equal to the pick of the Cavalry teams, yet no one could help noticing the great advance in polo form of this section of the tournament. The winners, the Coldstream Guards' A—Mr. P. Wyndham, Captain E. Gregge-Hopwood, Captain J. V. Campbell and Captain J. E. Gibbs—are a very hard team, with great dash. They got a great pace on the ball, and thoroughly deserved their victory. General and Mrs. Codrington were present, and the latter handed the cups to the winners.

THE TREATMENT OF POLO PONIES AFTER THE GAME.

Discussing last week with a member of the committee of a leading polo club the chances of retention of the present rule about off-side, I pointed out that the periods as at present arranged frequently worked out to nine minutes. We were agreed that if the game without off-side is to continue, a further shortening of periods will be necessary in the interest of the ponies. It seems to me, while watching the present game, that, if anything, the ball goes out less often than it used to do. This, indeed, may not be the consequence so much of any change in the rules as of steady improvement in the skill of the players. It is clear that seldom, or never, does a ball go out of bounds as the result of the intention of the player. It is an accident of the game, and one which is avoided as far as possible. Under these circumstances it seems the game must become harder upon ponies, and especially in England, where many polo players have a great deal to learn in horsemanship and in the condition of ponies. Someone remarked the other day that when a good pony was sold to the Americans he seemed to improve, and I am inclined to think that American teams will always beat four equally good English players, equally well mounted, by the superior condition of their ponies. The conditioning of the polo pony is so much more thoroughly attended to in America. Some hundreds of ponies pass the window of the house where I am staying every day, and it is the exception rather than the rule to see ponies fit to play in a hard game. The majority look poor and below themselves, a few are too big, and fewer still are perfect, full of muscle, not too light in flesh and looking fit for anything. The artist in the accompanying sketch has hit off the look and attitude of a good pony in hard condition after a severe period. I suppose it is impossible to hope for, but I should like to see the ponies after play carefully dried, not washed; lightly but sufficiently rubbed down and walked about steadily until they were wanted again, instead of standing huddled together in long rows irrespective of the direction or the chill of the wind. Our principal clubs are near the river; a chill breeze nearly always comes up with the tide, and a polo pony on active service should, I think, be kept moving about until, his day's work over, he reaches his own comfortable box.

FALLS AT POLO.

Polo cannot be said to be a dangerous game; the proportion of serious accidents to the number of players is so small. Yet, of



A FALL.

course, like all games and sports, it has its perils. It is a commonplace to say that these add to its attraction. When I first began to play polo, falls were more frequent, and serious accidents more common than they are now. The number of mishaps at the game has steadily decreased as the skill of the players has been perfected. The increase in the size of the ponies, which some people deprecate, has certainly tended to make the game safer. The principal danger of polo, as we are occasionally reminded by such accidents as happened to Lord Hugh Grosvenor on Wednesday week, arise from blows from the stick. It is, of course, impossible to avoid some accidental happenings of this kind, but they have immensely decreased in frequency and in seriousness. The most frequent cause of accidents of all arises from the over-weighting or overtaxing of the ponies. The big, powerful ponies of modern times are

seldom overweighted; but when I first played polo comparatively few ponies were really masters of the weights they had to carry, and it was no uncommon sight to see the little ponies of early days, especially in India, cross their legs and roll over like a shot rabbit, often with serious consequences to their riders. The ponies were often insufficiently trained and improperly bitted, and collisions were far more common than they are at present. But the secret of safety lies in the perfect training of the ponies before they go into the game. The riding-school and its scientific use in training ponies is our greatest safeguard against future accidents. Everyone must have noticed that it is often the best players and the finest horsemen whose ponies come down with them in the course of a hard game. In most cases the reason of this paradox of polo, that the best players are the most liable to falls, arises from the fact that they are apt, in the excitement of the game, to ask more of the pony than it is able to perform. So complete is the union of will between certain players and their ponies that, in response to the will of the rider, the pony will try to do impossible, or, at least, very difficult, feats of turning and twisting. For an ordinary rider the ponies would certainly not attempt to do these things; but there are cases well known to us where a pony, for the master whom it trusts and knows, will attempt almost anything. I know a certain famous polo-player who owned a wonderful pony, now gone abroad, and of this pair it has been said that had they not been separated by circumstances, one of them certainly would have been killed, such extraordinary feats of twisting and turning and starting did they attempt, often with wonderful success, but occasionally with disastrous downfalls. The modern system of official umpiring has discouraged the dangerous player, and, on the whole, we may congratulate ourselves that in 1911 English polo is better than ever, and that, with the exception of a few inevitable mishaps, such as that which has deprived us at the present time of the back of the Old Cantab team, polo is a safer game than it has been in the two thousand years or more of its existence. X.

THE CRICKET SEASON.

THE remark is constantly being made that this season "there is a boom in cricket," and here without doubt is the reason. Batsmen with certain exceptions have at length been roused to the fact that it is their obvious duty to get runs at a reasonable rate, that their business in life is to make runs themselves, and not to wait for them to come, and this naturally reacts with equal effect upon the bowlers.

At the present time the championship is in a most interesting state, and already gives promise of an exciting finish. Notts, so skilfully captained by Mr. Jones, is at the time of writing the only unbeaten side, and occupy the leading position on the list, with Yorkshire a good second; but both Surrey and Kent are in fairly close pursuit, and it would be unsafe to predict which of the four, if any, will be at the head of the list when the season ends.

Yorkshire have done wonderfully well, and after starting with a misfortune against Essex had a long sequence of victories. Most of their old hands have done well, while of the less famous men on the side Booth has shown abundant promise, and on several occasions has proved himself to be no ordinary cricketer. The Angel ground at Tonbridge, not for the first time in its history, brought nothing but disaster to Kent, who in one week fell before Essex and Northamptonshire in a most astonishing way. Essex at that time had only just received their first defeat at the hands of Sussex, who up till then had not tasted the sweets of victory, though at Leyton last week they were again successful; but cricket is a surprising game and gathers half its charm from these sudden reversals of form.

Among individual feats two stand out above all the rest. At the end of May Alletson, playing for Notts against Sussex at Brighton, made 189 runs in ninety minutes, of which forty minutes only were spent in scoring the last 142 runs; while in the second week in June, Mr. Wood, going in first for Leicestershire against Yorkshire, carried out his bat right through each innings and scored two not-out centuries. Neither of these feats has ever been surpassed; indeed, that of Mr. Wood has never before been accomplished, while it is doubtful if even Mr. Jessop has ever equalled the rapidity of scoring displayed by Alletson.

In the bowling department the veterans have ably held their own, W. Mead, Hirst, J. T. Hearne and East having all at one time or another wrought havoc in the opposition ranks. Middlesex have unearthed a treasure in Mr. A. R. Littlejohn, a slow leg-break bowler of the old-fashioned type, whose skill is said to be the result of practice under cover during the winter, undertaken chiefly for the sake of exercise; and if the Gentlemen can secure him for their matches against the Players, together with Mr. F. R. Foster and Mr. Brearley or Mr. Burns, their bowling should be stronger than for many years past.

The first Test trial can hardly be described as a success; but with a change of nomenclature and the definite prospect of a winter tour to Australia, the second match, England v. the Rest, which will be in progress at Lord's when these lines appear, should meet with greater recognition.

The Indian cricketers are not yet the equal of any of the first-class sides in England, and have met with no single victory; but they are admittedly here for educational purposes, and are not likely to be discouraged by their present lack of success. They have several good cricketers on the side, and the whole team is bound to benefit in the end, since nothing leads so rapidly to improvement in any game as playing constantly against a stronger opponent.

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE CRICKET MATCH: A FORECAST.

AS far as can be seen at present, Messrs. A. J. Evans, A. G. Pawson, P. Le Couteur, R. O. Lagden, R. H. Twining, I. P. F. Campbell, J. L. S. Vidler, R. V. Bardsley and R. L. L. Braddell are certain to represent the Dark Blues. For the last two places, however, there is a host of candidates. The most likely include Messrs. F. H. Knott, H. S. Altham, G. E. V. Crutchley, Prince Gackwar, and the two Old Blues, Mr. R. Sale and Mr. F. N. Tuff.

Of a batting side which is certainly very strong on paper, Messrs. Twining and Campbell have been the most consistent run-getters. Mr. Evans has been unlucky this year, and Mr. Le Couteur has been greatly over-rated as a batsman. It is unfortunate that Mr. Knott has been unable to find his form this summer, and it is just possible that he will not be included in the side.

The bowling strength of the Dark Blues is represented by Messrs. Evans, Le Couteur, Lagden and Vidler. Mr. Le Couteur, who took eleven wickets in addition to scoring a century in last year's match, is a slow leg-break bowler with a good command of length. On a wicket that helps him he can also turn the ball from the off, and on this account he must be reckoned a very dangerous factor. On a hard, true wicket, however, he should not cause any great anxiety. Mr. Evans is, perhaps, the steadiest bowler in either eleven, and can make the ball swing both ways. The fast bowler of the team is Mr. Lagden, who, however, is not very fast, and is inclined to be erratic.

The whole side field well, and the wicket-keeping is quite safe in Mr. Pawson's hands. On paper the Dark Blues are strong in every department of the game, but up to the present they cannot be said to have justified the hopes of their supporters.

The Cambridge XI. is now quite complete. Unless anything unforeseen occurs, it will consist of Messrs. J. F. Ireland, M. Falcon, H. E. W. Prest, D. C. Collins, E. L. Kidd, H. G. H. Mulholland, S. H. Saville, F. T. Mann, M. E. C. Baggallay, H. Grierson and N. J. Holloway. Mr. Mann, who has been laid up with a very troublesome abscess on the jaw, has recovered, and is certain to do well if he can find his form of last year. Mr. Franklin, the old Repton wicket-keeper, has hurt his hands, and is replaced by Mr. Baggallay. As both are excellent performers behind the stumps, the final selection will make little difference to the strength of the team. The first seven are Old Blues, Mr. Mulholland and Mr. Baggallay are Seniors and Mr. Saville and Mr. Grierson Freshmen.

With regard to bowling, Cambridge possess an unlimited supply. Unfortunately, there are perhaps not more than two real bowlers on the side. Both Mr. Ireland and Mr. Falcon are very erratic, and in spite of occasional successes must be regarded rather

as men who bowl than as bowlers. Mr. Holloway has been out of form this season, and Mr. Grierson has been of little use on the hard, fast wickets.

The present Cambridge side do not field so well as some of their predecessors; but Mr. Saville is one of the finest covers in the country and should certainly give the critics something to write about. Both sides, however, seem a little below first class all round, and the result should be very close.

A RUSTIC PROCESSION

LONDON, as the Coronation approached, became more and more impossible to one who, though "long in city pent," is of the country alike in birth and sympathy. Crowds surged over it as the waters surged over the earth what time Noah awaited the deluge snugly ensconced in his ark. They made the streets impassable save at a snail's pace; they invaded the places of amusement and the eating-houses; they eddied even into the privacy of one's club. Quoth I, "There are enough and to spare to do public honour to King George. I will hie me to the country, I will seek a quiet spot and be content to toast him in solitude and silence." Easier said than done. The railway station was a place of exodus as well as of ingress, and travelling proved to be as much of a turmoil on the line as it was in Piccadilly. Then when the East Anglian village to which I fared was reached, it but reproduced in miniature the preparations that had been going on in London. Boniface was preparing to illuminate the walls of his inn, the butcher was literally nailing his colours to the mast, and the pretty girls employed by the village milliner and dressmaker were festooning their emporium with roses and placing pots of carnations on the window-sills and every other coign of vantage. Even the inn to which I resorted—and I often think it is kept by the only two really old-fashioned innkeepers in England, a stiff-built, thick-lipped, honest landlord, whose active figure is just becoming suggestive of a "presence," and a comely, comfortable landlady who is a copy of the same in doeskin—showed, for the first time in its existence, signs of excitement. "There is no land of lost resort, There is no island of the blest," I quoted from the bard, and bethought me how to dive yet deeper into the haunts of ancient peace. After many pipes, with their appropriate moistening and much meditation of motor-cars and horses, and even bicycles, "legs must do it," I exclaimed. We are of a generation in danger of forgetting they have feet. There is a hamlet miles and miles away from any railway station; there is a way to it by field and footpath; it has an inn where one can at least obtain bread and cheese and beer, and there is nothing better after the interminable luncheons and routs and dinners of the past three weeks.

It was a pleasant thought to go to bed with, and sometimes in the morning behold me trudging, like Parson Adams, along a road in the heath country. There was solitude on the King's highway. A lonely way it is. The landscape is dominated by Scottish firs. Plantations of them bound the heaths and the fields of poor soil, in which the gay colours of poppy and corn-cockle and wild mustard outshine the tender green of barley just eared. They stand round the fox-coverts, where the bronze of the gorse has faded and given place to the liquid gold of broom that is greener and statelier than its prickly neighbour. In some places the farmer has topped and pruned the firs down to the size of bushes, when they make a fine and picturesque hedgerow. The road sometimes passed between two rows of full-grown coniferæ, pleasant in the cool morning with a breeze playing a full-bodied whispering croon on their foliage; but it must have been an eerie road in those old times when the traveller never knew the moment at which the neigh of a horse would be heard behind him and a throaty voice would give the dread "Stand and deliver!" But we live in times of such security that it has become almost impossible to imagine what was no uncommon situation a hundred years ago. All is peaceful and still to-day. Even the millions of rabbits trot away but slowly as you approach, the pheasant emerges fearlessly from the wood, the partridge with her brood suns herself in the highway dust and the squirrel jerks his bushy tail over his body and gazes with far more curiosity than fear.

There was no need to seek the footpath or the bridle-way, because the high road was pleasanter than either. At other places in England rain is reported to have fallen in torrents. In London the sky was overcast, and elsewhere a disturbing wind was blowing; but here it was a typical day in high summer when one was glad of the shadow cast by the great firs, and on either side of the road was a broad margin of grass that was as springy to the foot as any mountain turf could have been. On such a day one could walk on for ever if the legs did not

grow weary, and the enjoyment was all the greater because of the solitude. On the long, white road no passenger was visible, neither on foot nor on wheels. It was as though the country had been utterly deserted save by the wild creatures that played about with the security that they generally feel only in the early morning. A few hamlets and wayside cottages were passed, but no smoke emerged from the chimneys, and a trial of the door of a wayside inn made it plain that the occupier had not thought it worth while to keep the house open. The truth was that the whole of the population had emigrated in the early morning or even on the night before; some to important celebrations that were being held in the nearest towns, a very few to London and the vast majority to the parks and halls where the owners were entertaining them in honour of the great event. It was not till one came in sight of a little village which stands near the top of an eminence overlooking a fertile agricultural country that people were met with, and a strange appearance they made as they were assembling for the evident purpose of holding a procession of their own. It is not necessary to mention the name of the village. Similar proceedings were no doubt held elsewhere, and it would be a pity to bring any feeling of self-consciousness to the minds of the inhabitants. Happier-looking groups it would not be possible to imagine. For the purpose of organising a procession they had made use of the homely materials at their disposal, and it was impossible to avoid a laugh at some of them, although the laugh was the kindest possible. Evidently the need of hauling power had been very pressing, for, although a large number of farm horses had been requisitioned and were standing while those great waggons which Richard Jefferies called the ships of agriculture were being filled with men, women and children, it had been found necessary to obtain the additional help of two heavy engines, one of which appeared to be in general use with a steam-roller, and the other one of those heavy locomotives that are used to drag about the country and drive a threshing-machine. Attached to them were trains of waggons. All the other means of transport which the country knows were represented. The rag-and-bone man was there with his donkey, the baker and the butcher with their carts, other tradesmen with their own appropriate vehicles; bicycles, half smothered in roses, were present in large numbers, many ridden by girls in their Sunday best. Indeed, it was not difficult to surmise that many of the dresses had been purchased for this great occasion. We mean many of the ordinary dresses; a great number of the village characters were got up as though they meant to take part in a fancy ball. There was the fool in his wide trousers and high cap. It may be said in passing that he was a fine fresh country lad whose only qualification for the part he played was an endless flow of fun and merriment. Many wore fair-haired wigs, and the simple joke for the occasion was to have a cap with the legend printed on it, "Get your hair cut." Darby and Joan, in multi-coloured finery, drove to the scene of action in a beribboned chaise drawn by a still more beribboned

ass. A serious element was introduced by a reverend senior with a long grey beard that tossed lightly in the breeze. He mounted a farm waggon, and from that point of vantage delivered a few words of homely exhortation to the merry-makers, telling them in his plain and wholesome way that he was a servant of the King of Kings, but on that account he was all the more bound to honour King George, at which there was a most spontaneous and hearty burst of applause from the audience, who, after singing "All people that on earth do dwell" and listening to a prayer, moved off in the vehicles we have described to an adjoining field, where dinner and sports had been prepared for them. It was a gathering such as is not easily imagined in our days, a gathering of plain and simple



J. Gale.

THE COTTAGE CLOSED.

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country-folk with features that had been moulded in the course of generations spent on the soil. They could not have differed in any essential respect from those far-distant ancestors who tossed their caps in the air and shouted "Long live King Harry" when the champion of Agincourt succeeded his father. It was good to follow them, to see the heartiness of their meal, the genuine, unaffected enthusiasm and pleasure with which they celebrated the occasion, and to see the old-fashioned English games revived. The scene was no insignificant one to those who think. It had been come upon purely by accident, and was, no doubt, typical of others that might have been witnessed in the most remote corners of the British Islands, and one cannot

help considering that it was the most eloquent and the most touching proof that could have been offered that the popularity of King George is seated in the very depths of the English heart. The crowds in London were, no doubt, enthusiastic, but they were also made up, to a large extent, of sightseers; and, at any

rate, they could not have taken a more genuine interest in the day than was shown by these villagers. Their rustic procession had in it a meaning that did not fall short of that which attaches to the more majestic march of that distinguished company which accompanied King George to and from Westminster.

STRONGYLOSIS IN THE SHEEP.

BY A. E. SHIPLEY, F.R.S.

INTRODUCTION.

AS is well known, the stomach of a sheep is divided into four pouches or compartments; of these the fourth, known as the abomasum, or rennet stomach, alone secretes gastric juice, and in this alone is true digestion carried on. Each of these compartments harbours animal parasites. There are, for instance, many ciliated Infusoria apparently harmless; but Coccidia, so fatal

to many animals, have also been found in the abomasum of the sheep's stomach. Then, again, at least one species of fluke, *Amphistomum conicum*, lives in the stomach of the sheep, and several round-worms. One of these is attracting a considerable amount of attention at the present time owing to the damage it is doing in many parts of England, especially in Huntingdonshire and Kent.

Although this worm has recently been separated off from the genus *Strongylus* and rechristened under the unpleasant name of *Hæmonchus*, it will, for the

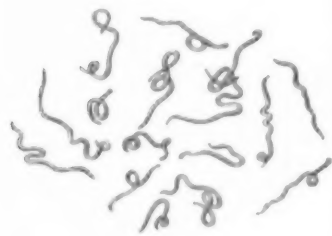


FIG. I.—*STRONGYLUS CONTORTUS*.

Group of adult males and females (natural size). From "The Animal Parasites of the Sheep," edited by Dr. D. E. Salmon, Washington, 1890.

purpose of this article, be better to retain the old name by which it is widely known in British veterinary text-books and journals.

The species in question, *Strongylus contortus*, occurs not only in the sheep but in the goat, the cow and in the chamois and other wild ruminants. It is the cause of a very widely-spread disease, which may be called Strongylosis, and appears to occur in sheep-farms almost all over the world. This disease has especially engaged the attention of the authorities in the Argentina and in the United States, where it is regarded as one of the most serious pests which the farmer has to deal with. It is widely spread throughout the British Colonies of South Africa, where it is said to cause more loss among the stock than any other internal parasite which attacks farm animals, and it is also reported from many parts of Europe.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PARASITE.

The worm itself is small, the female being from 20m.m. to 30m.m. long, and ending in a pointed tail. The male is from half

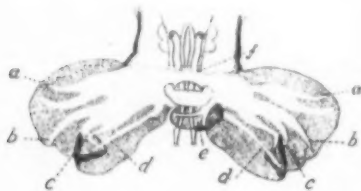


FIG. II.—*STRONGYLUS CONTORTUS*.

Tail of the male expanded to show the thickenings or ribs—a, ventral; b, ventro-lateral; c, lateral; d, dorso-lateral; e, dorsal ribs; f, spicula. From "The Animal Parasites of the Sheep," edited by Dr. D. E. Salmon, Washington, 1890.

anterior, or mouth-end, on each side is a small tooth-like projection on each side of the body, which can only be seen under the microscope; the skin shows faint striations under the microscope, and there are some half a hundred longitudinal ridges, again of microscopic size.

The colour of these animals is white when they are unfed, but since their body walls are very transparent and since they

consume the blood of their host, the sheep, when they have had a meal their alimentary canal shines through the skin with a reddish tinge. Coiling round their intestines are the white tubes of the ovaries, and it is to this spiral arrangement of white on red that the name *Strongylus contortus*, or the Twisted Strongyle, is due.

When these worms exist in comparatively small numbers in the fourth compartment of the sheep's stomach, but little damage ensues. When they exist, as they often do, in thousands, serious trouble is caused. On inspecting a stomach of one of the Huntingdon sheep, the other day, the number of these creatures was so great that they almost hid the lining membrane of the abomasum.

THE SYMPTOMS OF STRONGYLOSIS.

The symptoms produced are various and all do not necessarily occur in one invalid. There is a general weakness in the suffering sheep, the skin is pale and so are the mucus membranes of the mouth and the lining of the eye-sockets. There is a watery exudation, which forms swellings under the lower jaw; and the peritoneum, the pleura and the pericardium contain abnormal amounts of lymph. The animals become inert, they "have a temperature," and are unusually thirsty. There are indications of colic, and the animals look as miserable as scape-goats, see Fig. IV. They become dull and inert, and often suffer from diarrhoea. The wool becomes brittle, and the least pressure removes it by handfuls. As is often the case, secondary symptoms arise in the lungs, and the sheep being weakened falls a ready prey to many other internal parasites, which had it remained in health it would readily have resisted.

There is—as is usually the case when animals are infested with internal parasites—a considerable alteration in the percentage of certain of the numerous corpuscles of the blood, and this is accompanied by, and perhaps is the cause of, a pernicious anaemia, a marked character of the disease, and one which frequently ends in death. The cells of the abomasum further become tinged with blood, and numerous small ulcers appear where the worms have interfered with the continuity of the mucous or lining membrane. The abomasum is frequently distended, and it contains a reddish debris tinged with blood, an indication that its walls are bleeding.

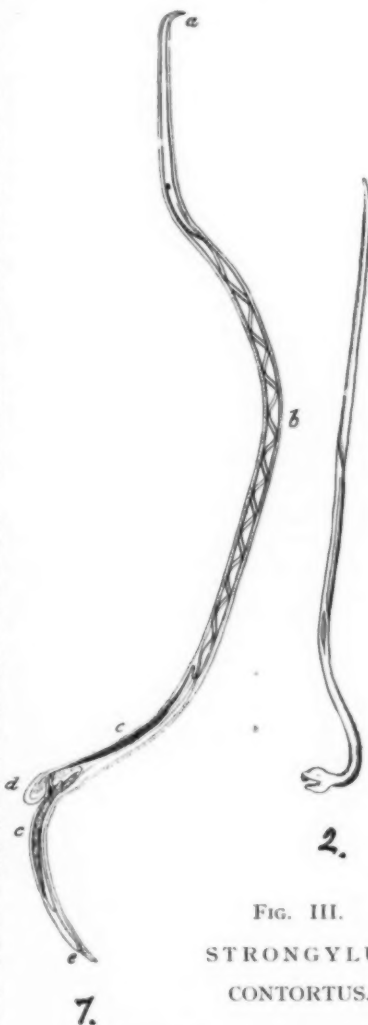


FIG. III.
STRONGYLUS CONTORTUS.

1. Adult female, $\times 6$ —a, head; b, ovaries wound around the intestines; c, c, uteri; d, a large papilla, just in front of and covering the vulva; e, anus. 2. Adult male, $\times 6$. From "The Animal Parasites of the Sheep," edited by Dr. D. E. Salmon, Washington, 1890.

Much research is needed to show how the symptoms are produced. Does the worm really penetrate the mucous lining of the stomach and draw blood from the minute capillaries of the stomach-wall? Does it give off certain poisonous excretions, toxins, which seem postulated, if we are to explain the alteration in the numbers of the blood corpuscles, the "blood count"? If the worms pierce the mucous lining, do the passages they make admit—and to what extent—the bacteria which are all very well in the cavity of the alimentary canal, but are all very ill when they leave that cavity and come to rest on the outside of the walls of the alimentary tract? Here they may set up peritonitis, perityphlitis, etc., with an accompanying rise of temperature. These problems are now being investigated at more than one centre in England. To solve them the combined knowledge—carefully sifted—of the sheep-farmer, the pathologist, the zoologist and the chemist is needed; but to arrive at anything like a sound conclusion, money, and above all time, is needed.

THE LIFE-HISTORY OF *STRONGYLUS CONTORTUS*.

The home of the adult *Strongylus contortus* is the abomasum of the sheep and other ruminants. Here the male and female pair, and here the eggs, which have already divided into a few "segments," or cells, leave the body of the mother enclosed in an eggshell. These eggs pass away from the alimentary tract of the sheep with the undigested food, and, lying in the dejecta, hatch out minute larvæ in a period varying from a few hours to two weeks, according to whether the temperature be high or low. If the temperature be below 50deg. Fahr. the development of the eggs is arrested; but although they are quiescent they retain their vitality even for several months,



FIG. V.—EGGS OF *STRONGYLUS CONTORTUS* MAGNIFIED.

1. Eggs after they have passed through the oviduct. 2. Egg with one cell. 3. Egg with two cells. 4. Egg with four cells. 5. Egg as it is laid. 6. Egg with many cells. 7. Egg with eight cells. From "The Animal Parasites of the Sheep," edited by Dr. D. E. Salmon, Washington, 1890.

and are capable of resuming their growth when the weather becomes milder. The unhatched eggs are, however, very sensitive to changes of temperature or of moisture, and readily fall victims to frost or to drought.

The newly-hatched embryo is of a form common to many thread-worms which have free-living larvæ, i.e., larvæ living in damp soil or humus. In fact, it is a fairly typical example of what zoologists call a *rhabditiform* larva. It is about 350 μ (1) in length, and has a sharply-pointed tail. These larvæ writhe and

wriggle about in their organic surroundings, actively feeding and growing for some days. During this time they double, or even treble, their length, and become some 650 μ or 820 μ long. (1 μ = 1-1,000th part of a m.m.) Like other thread-worm larvæ they cast their outer skin or cuticle, though the number of times this is done is not quite definitely known. There is certainly one, may be two, moults. As soon as the embryo reaches its full size it ceases to feed, and the alimentary canal, which is still full of food-granules, begins to show signs of degeneration. The mouth and the pharynx disappear, the œsophagus is no longer visible, and all the apertures of the body appear to be sealed up. In this stage the larva forms a new skin or cuticle, but remains enfolded in the old one, which quickly loosens itself from the contained larva, forming, as it were, a kind of strait waistcoat around it. This restricts to some extent the active movements of the larva. Up till this ensheathed stage, which from its inertness and its abstinence from food may be compared to the pupa or chrysalis stage in the life-history of an insect, the larval *Strongylus contortus* has been highly susceptible to meteorological conditions. Like the eggs, they very quickly fall victims to changes in the weather, and drought or a cold temperature is fatal to them. But we have now reached a stage where



FIG. IV.—A SHEEP SUFFERING FROM WASTING DUE TO GASTRO-INTESTINAL STRONGYLOSIS.

After Moussu and Dollar.

the larvæ become extremely resistant to external variations of the weather. The ensheathed larvæ can live for months at almost any outside temperature, but if it be cold or dry they remain inactive and do not digest the food they had absorbed in their previous active and unsheathed condition. If, however, they be kept at the warm temperature of a living-room, they still move about and their food-granules slowly but ultimately disappear from the cells of the intestine.

Dr. B. H. Ransom, of the United States Department of Agriculture, who has worked out the life-history of *Strongylus contortus* more completely than anyone else, states that on three different occasions one of his cultures of these larvæ remained continuously frozen for forty-eight hours, and on thirty-two separate occasions the same culture was frozen and thawed out again without the ensheathed larvæ suffering any harm.

Their resistance to drought is no less remarkable. After thirty-one days of dryness the larvæ, on being moistened, resumed their movements and in a few hours seemed as active as ever. The larvæ exposed to drought shrink within the sheath until no details of internal structure remain visible, and they are, to all appearance, dead; but if placed in damp surroundings the moisture gradually permeates the tissues, the larvæ swell out, the old outlines reappear, and gradually the normal appearance is resumed.

When the larvæ are placed in a vessel of water they quietly sink to the bottom, and of their own accord never rise to the surface again. In still puddles they are always found at the bottom, and therefore the danger of infecting the sheep from quiescent ponds or pools is comparatively slight.

Still, like all parasites, *Strongylus contortus*, has developed a diabolical ingenuity in finding its way to the place where it is most likely to be eaten by the host of its adult form. Thus these larvæ have a particular love and faculty for ascending perpendicular surfaces whenever the atmosphere is moist. Dr. Ransom first showed this when he placed some moist earth containing sheathed larvæ at the bottom of a wide-mouthed bottle. As the air became saturated with the moisture the worms crawled from the earth and began to wriggle their way up the sides of the bottle, and here their upward course could be readily followed with a hand-lens. They moved at the rate of about $\frac{1}{4}$ inch per hour.

Blades of green grass on the roots of which a culture of these larvæ had been placed were swarming at their tops with these young worms within a few days (v. Fig. VI.). Should the grass be dried up by the sun, or by artificial heat, the larvæ shrink, as has been described above, but they are not killed, and can easily be revived if exposed to moist conditions. On damp, dewy nights, or after rains, these larvæ can be detected crawling up the blades of grass of the sheep pasture until they reach the tips. It is this habit which, of course, leads them to the most advantageous position for being eaten by sheep or lambs, and thus enables them to make their way again into the mouth, the gullet, the stomach and at last into the darkness, the moisture and the warmth of the abomasum. It is not a retreat which appeals to everyone, but even *Strongylus contortus* must have some place it can call a home. Here development proceeds rapidly, and in the course of about three

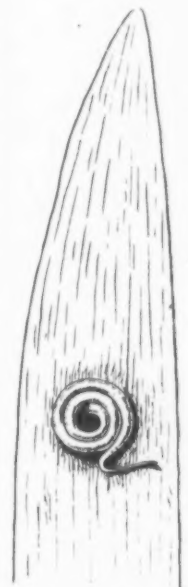


FIG. VI.—A LARVA OF *STRONGYLUS CONTORTUS* COILED ON TIP OF GRASS BLADE.

Enlarged 100 times. After B. H. Ransom.

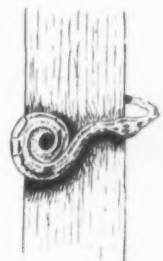


FIG. VII.—LARVA OF *STRONGYLUS CONTORTUS*

In very dry condition on grass stalk. Enlarged 100 times. From B. H. Ransom.

weeks the adult male and female stages have been reached, and the females are beginning to produce eggs. Parasitic worms are curiously sensitive to the nature of the medium in which they take up their abode; thus of two of the tapeworms which are so constantly found in the alimentary tract of the grouse, one prefers an acid, the other an alkaline medium. *Strongylus contortus* chooses an acid surrounding, and hastens through the alkaline contents of the first three divisions of the sheep's stomach until it finds rest in the acidulated gastric fluids of the true stomach, or abomasum.

TREATMENT FOR STRONGYLOSIS OF THE SHEEP.

A number of remedies are recorded by Dr. Ransom, including coal-tar creosote, gasolene and copper-sulphate. The last-named is regarded by the veterinary surgeons of Cape Colony as the best and safest remedy. One pound avoirdupois of sulphate of copper is dissolved in some nine and a-half gallons of warm water and given in doses varying from three-quarters of an ounce to three ounces, according to the age of the sheep. Gasolene should be administered mixed with oil or milk, but not with water. The great objection to coal-tar creosote is that it is not a standard substance and varies in composition; moreover, at times it is difficult to obtain. One ounce of it shaken up in ninety-nine ounces of water is the standard preparation given in doses of a quarter of an ounce to one ounce. In all cases, lambs or sheep should be starved for from twelve to

twenty-four hours before being treated. Great care should be taken to prevent the liquid entering the lungs and trachea. The amount of the dose also depends greatly upon the age of the sheep, and probably no farmer will be well-advised to dose his sheep except under the advice of a competent veterinary surgeon. McFadyean recommends half a pint of an eleven per cent. solution of lysol in water; and there are numerous other remedies suggested in the books and papers dealing with the subject.

PREVENTION.

From what has been said about the life-history of the parasite, it is obvious that something can be done to preclude the possibility of infecting sheep which have a clean bill of health. In the winter months there is comparatively small chance of the infected sheep of a flock infecting the non-infected; but as the spring advances, the danger of infection from contaminated ground increases rapidly, and it is necessary to move the sheep on to clean pastures every two or three weeks. Ransom recommends that in June this period be shortened to ten days and in July and August to seven days. After the beginning of September the period may again be lengthened. In the case of lambs, which are peculiarly susceptible to the disease caused by the parasite, periodic movements should be made at shorter intervals, so that a large number of small pastures, or subdivisions of large pastures, are required.

ON THE GREEN.

BY HORACE HUTCHINSON AND BERNARD DARWIN.

"YOU HAVE TO KEEP VERY STRAIGHT."

IF you hear a man complaining of a course that "you have to keep very straight on it," it is fairly safe to infer that when he was on it he went very crooked, for it is by painful experience that the geography of the bunkers and various hazards is best acquired. It is a comment which I heard made about Prestwick at the time of the amateur championship, yet really did not think it was quite called for. Putting greens at Prestwick, it is true, are so pitched and so perched that the horrid word "tricky" is hardly misapplied to some of them when they are so keen as during our late pilgrimage thither; but through the green there is surely room enough except for a man suffering under a bad attack of the erratics. One is disposed to wonder what they will say of Westward Ho! when they come to try to make champions of themselves there next year. There are points of the Westward Ho! course where all is open going, practically between Northam and the deep sea; but there are also other points of the course at which the drive has to be very exact if the next shot is to be at all an easy one. Therefore, it is likely that we may hear the man to whom it has happened to be what he will call "trapped" in those narrows complaining bitterly of the straightness of the going, whereas he who escapes these dangers may be more greatly impressed by the great spaciousness of other parts, and declaim that "you can drive anywhere." By striking the happy mean between these extreme strictures we come to the language of temperate eulogy—which is what we want.

THE FIELD FOR THE OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP.

It is rather amazing to look at the entries for the open championship, two hundred and twenty-five in number—a record list—and reflect that by the time the public has the privilege of reading these remarks some one man will have beaten all the rest of them. It hardly seems possible, and yet it is going to happen; and perhaps it is almost more strange that out of so many candidates so few have any reasonable chance of attaining the honour they are after. No betting man who knew what he was doing would take the field at even chances against ten chosen ones, and there are, no doubt, some enthusiastic admirers

of the triumvirate, as I believe I was the first to call them—I do not assume the airs of genius on the strength of making the obvious phrase—who would still back these three at evens against all the rest. Perhaps they would not be wrong, though it does look as if the rest had a better chance than ever before.

MR. HILTON'S ESTIMATE OF MR. EVANS AND OTHERS.

It is interesting to see Mr. Hilton writing that in his opinion, which is an extremely well qualified one, the man whose form impressed him most of all the younger players at the amateur championship was Mr. Evans, the American. It is an opinion which is very strongly endorsed "on the other side." During the actual championship contest Mr. Hilton was kept so busy playing his own

game that it may seem difficult for him to have found time to estimate the play of others; but there were days of practice when he had that opportunity and no doubt used it well. Mr. Evans proved that he was one of those for whom the scoring-card and the pencil have few terrors, by his performance in that scoring competition at Troon a day or two before the Prestwick championship, for he would have won it easily but for a bad breakdown at a hole or two. Mr. Michael Scott, the actual winner, is a comparatively young player, better known in Australia than here, who is also to be seriously considered when the claims of the

rising men are reckoned up. Either or both of them may by now have made that claim the better by their work in the open championship, for they, with Mr. Abe Mitchell and Mr. Hilton himself, their critic, entered in that large field.

HIS CADDIE WAS A RADICAL! HOW COULD HE PLAY HIS GAME?

I have heard men offer sundry and divers admirable reasons for their inability to play what they were pleased to call their game, in such number that it seemed scarcely possible that in this latter day I should hear a new one. Yet so it has happened. That late lark singing, or the wings of that confounded windmill whirling, are mere gross sense impressions to break the ideal concentration of mind and eye upon the ball. This was by far more subtle and psychological. "I can't play, my dear fellow," was the form which this quite novel apology took. "I'm sorry, I'm completely off my game—the fact is, I'm almost certain that my caddie's a Radical!" What it is to be a politician! This



MR. L. B. STEVENS.

happened in the Lowlands of Scotland, where, as his opponent assured the complainant, he might go far before finding other than a Radical to do the service of club-carrying. What it was that appeared to have inspired him with this certitude about the political faith—or heresy—of his henchman was that the latter had not shown all the enthusiasm that had been expected of him in taking off his shoes and socks and plunging into the icy cold water of a burn in order to retrieve three balls which his master had successively driven into it. The most illuminating part of the story is that the said master could deem the explanation of his inability to hit the ball so adequate. The idea that in circumstances such as these a man should be expected to play his game was clearly altogether beyond the horizon of his philosophy.

H. G. H.

THE DEBACLE AT SANDWICH.

Last Saturday was a sad day for the amateurs, from whom the glory departed very completely indeed. Mr. Munn and Mr. Beveridge, by their most courageous spurt, saved them from the very worst that could befall; but the actual beating, by eight matches to one, was bad enough. The collective beating was the worse, because the individual castigations were so terribly severe. By the time luncheon had arrived there was really but one match that had a spark of life left in it, and that was the one match that the amateurs ultimately won. The other eight were processions, some interesting and some depressing, but all processions. Whatever happened, the professionals would always win, and win comfortably; but assuredly the amateurs did not do themselves justice, nor anything like justice. One or two cherished illusions went by the board; one that amateurs are better in foursome play, and another that they are better putters. One was accustomed to seeing the hireling ball fly enormous distances, straight as an arrow from the tee and end horribly near the hole off the iron clubs, but one had hopes upon the green. They were rudely shattered, for the professionals were just as markedly superior there as they were everywhere else.

THE WIND AND THE WEATHER.

It is, of course, a great deal easier to criticise quietly in an armchair than to play. Doubtless the day was a terribly difficult one for golf. A night of soaking rain, which made the course a great deal longer than it had been for some time, was succeeded by a strong wind that freshened and freshened till it nearly attained to the dignity of a gale. One or two instances will show how trying that wind was. In the afternoon Mr. Graham and Harry Vardon only carried the hill at the fourth hole by the skins of their respective teeth; indeed, Duncan, Vardon's partner, had to play his second with something suspiciously like a niblick. Again, the sixth (it is really absurd to call it the Maiden since its transformation) and Hades, played from a new tee to the right, demanded the most tremendous tee shots that anyone was capable of hitting. I watched for a long time by the sixth green, and I only saw one man get within measurable distance of being hole high, that one man being Tom Ball, who hit the most perfect of wind-cheaters. Finally Ray, at the second hole, hit his ball clean over all the bunkers and on to the green. So the golf really was intensely difficult. Certainly nobody could be heard to complain that Sandwich did not afford a severe enough test. Had the fine, still weather continued, with the ground hard and full of run and yet the greens slow and easy, the amateurs would have made a far better showing; but to say that is rather to give their case away. A test match should presumably be played under testing conditions, and Saturday was assuredly a day for that painful process of weighing in the balance and finding wanting.

SOME HEROES OF THE DAY.

And now away with melancholy. It is, at any rate, agreeable to remember the great finish whereby Mr. Munn and Mr. Beveridge, after being four down with but six to play, halved their match with Rowland Jones and Moran and ultimately beat them on the thirty-eighth green. These gallant amateurs played many fine shots towards the finish of that match, but I really think the best of all was that nasty curly putt that Mr. Munn holed on the thirty-fifth green to save his side from defeat by 2 and 1. It was a noble effort, and Mr. Munn's play throughout the day was just as good as it could be. Every time one sees him one is more impressed by his fine, deliberate, powerful style, the firmness and solidity of every shot he plays and his endless capacity for painstaking. Mr. Beveridge, too, did admirably, and each one of his strokes at those two fateful extra holes was perfect. Of the other amateurs Mr. Hilton seemed to be playing very well, and I saw some beautiful hitting by Captain Hutchison and some excellent putting by Mr. H. E. Taylor. It is much harder to pick out the bright particular stars on the other side, because all were so good. Taylor and Ray made an especially happy combination, Tom Ball putted like a fiend—he always does—and Williamson and Thomson also treated Mr. Blackwell and Mr. Hambro to some desperate putting. But, indeed, they all played well, and most worthily upheld the honour of their profession.

MR. L. B. STEVENS.

There have been few more conspicuous instances of a golfer awaking to find himself famous than that of Mr. L. B. Stevens. Before the amateur championship at Prestwick, his friends at Deal knew him as a slashing hitter, capable on his day of brilliant things; but to the general golfing public he was a completely unknown quantity. Yet he reached the semi-final, beating on his way thither Mr. H. E. Taylor and Mr. Abe Mitchell among other people, and was only just beaten by Mr. Lassen, after having none the best of luck. The feature of Mr. Stevens' game is certainly his driving, which is very long indeed, so long that he had not one whit the worst of his hitting match with Mr. Abe Mitchell. He lets himself go at the ball in the most whole-hearted manner conceivable; indeed, his very vigorous methods sometimes make for error, and in the gale at Sandwich last Saturday he too often sent his partner, Mr. Michael Scott, delving with his niblick amid the hayfields. Still, such power is a valuable asset, and there must be great possibilities about a strong and young player who has improved so fast. His future career will be watched with interest.

PROFESSIONALS IN COUNCIL.

The Professional Golfers' Association held its meeting at Sandwich, and discussed two or three points of domestic economy. They appointed a committee to see if the championship clubs could be approached as to the prices of caddies, and also of food, which, it was felt, bore rather hardly upon the younger members of the profession. They also decided to ask the proprietors of Perrier, who have kindly given a prize for an assistants' tournament, whether it would be possible to change the conditions from match to medal play. The reason of this last desire is rather interesting, as showing the point of view from which the professional regards these things. An assistant, it is argued, may win adventitious glory out of winning this tournament, though he may have beaten no very strong opponents. By so doing he probably steps into a good billet over the heads of

many young professionals who are equally good players but do not come under the head of assistants. On the other hand, a score play competition shows more exactly the worth of the victor, independently of the quality of those he has defeated. One can see some force in the argument, even though personally retaining a desire for much match play and few medals.

A POUND OF FLESH.

I met a friend a day or two since—I will call him F—who was bursting alternately with indignation and amusement over his opponent Y's behaviour in a recent game. Amusement, on the whole, prevailed, since he certainly laughed last and loudest. At a certain hole F was putting and Y's caddie took the flag out. He took it out so inefficiently that only part of it came out and its socket was left in the hole, wherefore F's ball struck this socket and leaped out of the hole. Y thereupon declared that the hole was his. I do not in the least understand the grounds of his claim, since the rule says that "if a player's ball strike the flag-stick which has been so removed . . . his side shall lose the hole," whereas Y's complaint was that the stick had not been removed. F, at any rate, gave up the hole with the air of a *grand seigneur*, declining to argue about such pettifoggish points; but at the very next hole the Lord delivered Y into his hand. Y had a putt of some three inches for a half, and rashly assumed that F had conceded it to him; he walked off the green and his caddie picked up the ball. "That is my hole," instantly exclaimed F; "I too play only the strictest golf." It is not often that one has a chance of getting back a pound of flesh so quickly and satisfactorily.

B. D.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LINING FOR A CISTERN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—May I point out to your correspondent H. Williams that soft rain-water is a solvent of lead, and the lime in ordinary water prevents the solution of lead by the deposition of the carbonate on the inside of the supply pipes. A lead-lined cistern would create a danger if soft water was used for drinking. The leakage of the cistern, if caused by frost, may be prevented (as I pointed out in COUNTRY LIFE about a month since) by making it smaller at the bottom than at the top, so that, in the act of freezing, the water would slide up the sides instead of bursting.—THOMAS SHEPHEARD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In reply to your correspondent, why does he not clay puddle his cistern? But I do not think he will keep tight for a long time a cemented cistern of such a size as six thousand gallons, particularly if raised on supports. Lead might be very dangerous; far better get slate and divide the quantity into three cisterns.—C. S.

A TAME SQUIRREL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I should like to say a few words about the keeping of squirrels, which may be of use to your correspondent of last week. I bought one some years ago when she was just six weeks old, and kept her in good health for six years and nine months, and she probably would have lived a good deal longer but for the misfortune of falling off a table one day when running about. She only lived for a fortnight after her accident, in spite of all I tried to do to save her. She never at any time showed signs of paralysis, but was always most active. I carried out the directions given me by the man from whom I bought her, as follows: Barcelona nuts as staple food (some to be always cracked), all other nuts in season except almonds and monkey nuts, sometimes called pea-nuts, which are fatal to squirrels; bread, dry biscuits and no wet food at all; apples and other fruits (mine was very fond of a ripe cherry). Squirrels like variety; plenty of clean, cold water in the cage for them to drink, as they are thirsty little things; a good warm bed of dry hay in the sleeping-box, renewed about every three weeks or so; and clean sawdust every day on the bottom of the cage. They are very cleanly animals, and must be kept so. My squirrel was perfectly tame; I could play with her like a little kitten. I used to let her run about the room once or twice a day for exercise. When I put down my hand and called "Jenny" she would run over to me and jump into my hand to be put into her cage again.—M. H. G.

THE NIGHTINGALE'S SONG.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Will you kindly inform me at what time of the year the nightingale commences to sing, and what is the latest time it is generally heard in this country?—ARTHUR S. PITSTOW.

[The male nightingale usually arrives in England about the middle of April, and may then be heard singing in the daytime until the females arrive. After that it confines its song chiefly to the night and continues it till the young are hatched, which is usually about the middle of June. An occasional nightingale may be heard as late as July 1st.—ED.]

A CAPTIVE PARROT'S EGGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—We are the possessors of a grey parrot, brought many years ago from the West Coast of Africa. The bird is now twenty-eight years old, and we were doubtful as to its sex until two years since, when it laid two eggs, and on June 14th repeated its performance by laying another. The eggs are white and the same size as those of a pigeon. One egg was broken when discovered, but the others were saved, although not in the condition a collector would like them to be. The last egg was rescued when the bird had eaten about half of it! As it is rare for parrots to lay when in captivity, especially when twenty-six and again at twenty-eight years old, I thought the matter might possibly be of interest to some of your readers.—RICHARD PURDON.

YOUNG GROUSE AND WATER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I wonder what your readers' views may be as to the necessity of water for young grouse. I am here to-day (June 15th) sheep gathering on an Inverness-shire moor. As I wend my way upward on a glorious bright morning through the silver birches, a woodcock disturbed by one of my dogs flies off in the fashion familiar to ail, her tail droops, and I can swear she carries a chick

between her thighs—she flies thus round a coppice—is lost to my sight for a moment, and then appears clearly seen against the sky, flying without her burthen. The moment she catches sight of me, down go her tail and legs—she is carrying again her precious load. I can swear to it! Thinking much over this, I continue my way through heather and fern by the burnside. Here surely I must see the feathered clan—a thirsty band. Few coveys are met, however, where I expected most to find them. Have they indeed perished from the drought? It must be so. Too young to be led to the cooling streams, they have died on the parched uplands! I ascend to a much higher level, where the golden plover flies low, with plaintive cry, over the sunburnt grass, and here my old bitch, Fan, walks right into a happy family circle, and as she retires to my heels with an expression of shame-faced perplexity at the disturbance her intrusion has caused, a fine covey of eight scatter in every direction, while Mama shuffles about in the grass like a drunken thing. And now every way I turn coveys are seen; never had I met before so many on this beat—a dry and barren land, no water within half a mile, the vegetation burnt by weeks of sun, the peat flats lying strangely fashioned in parquet squares as if carved with a chisel. No water till you reach the burn below, which creeps along through mossy stones “a green and slimy thing,” where once the torrent roared. As homeward I guide my fleecy charge—my labour done—I wonder much if the heavy dews of night may have proved the saving of these tender chicks. With shame I reflect on how little I, who have spent all my days as their neighbour, who have, a prophet of ill, been daily foretelling the melting away of each callow brood, knew of the hardiness and resourcefulness of these gallant little denizens of the heathery slopes.—C. B. M.

A PLUCKY ROE.

[To the Editor.]

SIR,—The other evening, when I was out exercising my five dogs, one of them, a retriever, set off through a wood in pursuit of a roe doe. He soon returned, followed by the roe, who butted him behind until he was quite close to me. I suspected that she had a calf lying somewhere near, so I called up all the dogs and went on, but the deer followed us for about fifty yards, trying all she could to attract our attention. We must regard this incident as an instance of very strong mother-love, when we remember that there were one man and five dogs against one deer in a place little frequented by either men or dogs.—W. D. R. R.

BOTTLED FERNS.

[To the Editor.]

SIR,—In digging up a border round a garden path I came across the enclosed John Walker whisky bottle with two ferns growing in it; the bottom of the bottle was just out of the ground. Notice how green and healthy the plant is, thoroughly testifying to the quality of the whisky!—J. C.

[Our readers may remember a similar occurrence that we illustrated a few weeks ago. The ferns are: Small fern, *Pteris cretica* variety (Ribbon fern); large fern, *Scolopendrium vulgare* variety (Hart's-tongue fern).—Ed.]

WATER DIVINING.

[To the Editor.]

SIR,—I have lately found the water supply of my house in the country made quite adequate to our requirements. We depend on a well thirty feet in depth, and for some time we have pumped this well dry twice a day without getting all we want. It seemed to be a rash speculation to sink another well at haphazard, and while considering the problem it was suggested to me that I might as well share the risk with another and invoke the assistance of a water diviner. This was duly done, and a fortnight ago the sinking of the new well under his direction, scrupulously obeyed, was begun. The diviner had indicated in all four places where water would be found—forty feet, six hundred gallons per day; fifty feet, seven hundred gallons; and one thousand gallons at seventy feet—but for reasons connected with convenient piping, we decided on a place where the diviner indicated a supply of between six hundred and seven hundred gallons at a depth of about forty to forty-five feet. Yesterday at a depth of forty-six feet the vein of water was tapped, and the supply is estimated at over eight hundred gallons per day. Of course, quality and permanence have yet to be tested, but anyway the water is there. Some details of the stratification may be interesting: Eight feet of stiffish yellow clay with occasional flints; then about thirty-five feet of London clay, black when wet and breaking into sand when dried. Just on forty feet from the surface the workmen struck a stratum of some sort of liquite—I send a piece as a specimen. This stuff lay as a floor about half an inch to three-quarters of an inch thick. Below it the heavy black clay became somewhat sandy, and at forty-three feet water began to come in. The present and probably final depth is forty-six feet, and as well as we can judge the inflow is thirty-five to forty gallons per hour. The well is brick lined, open between the bricks. I cannot judge of the water until work below ceases, but so far as present appearances go, it looks, tastes and smells all right.—ESSEX RESIDENT.



VAGRANTS.

AN UNUSUAL SHIRLEY POPPY.

[To the Editor.]
SIR,—I was interested to find in my garden a rose pink Shirley poppy with a white distinct Maltese cross, not black marks, as they usually have. There is also a deep red Shirley with a black Maltese cross edged with white. Is this usual? My garden contains Oriental and Iceland poppies as well. This Shirley was noticed by a friend when strolling round the garden.—A. SPENCER.

[The white Maltese cross is a rather rare freak, but by no means unknown. The black cross with a white edge or a blurred whitish fringe is more common.—Ed.]



A CURIOUS POPPY.

ONE-LEGGED HUNTSMEN.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

SIR,—With regard to the question of a correspondent as to the one-legged huntsmen who have carried the horn in the field, there are two instances which occur to me at once—those of “Cork-legged Jones,” of whom I know very little, and Joe Maiden, who is well known as having been successively huntsman to the Atherston under Mr. Shaw, to the Cheshire under Sir Henry Mainwaring and to the North Staffordshire when Mr. Davenport was Master. An excellent portrait of Joe Maiden is to be found in the well-known Cheshire Hunt picture, so many engravings of which are to be found in country houses. It was during his service with Mr. Shaw that he met with an accident, scalding his leg severely in a boiler. After some years of pain and suffering the leg was amputated, and he had a cork leg fitted. Makers were not so skilful then as now, and Maiden suffered a great deal of inconvenience; but eventually he hunted hounds with great success for seven seasons, with a cork leg. In these days any good maker can contrive a riding leg, and I know one or two cases where it would be impossible to tell that the rider had not both legs unless one was in the secret.—T. F. D.

A LIMEKILN.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

SIR,—The enclosed photograph of a limekiln may be of interest. A limekiln is a draft furnace. Dry heather or whin roots, or anything easily lighted, is placed beneath for lighting. This fuel is covered with thick pieces of wood or long stones laid from four to six inches apart. Dry branches of trees are laid at the bottom, then a course of peats or a little coal, above that four inches of limestone, above that a course of coal, sufficient to blind the lime, then another course of limestone, and that continued alternately till the whole of the lime is in the kiln. The top of the kiln is covered in; a course of turf, sometimes clay, is spread over to keep in the heat. The kiln burns for about three days, according to the size of the kiln. That shown in the photograph burned one hundred tons of raw limestone and about nine tons of coal. This quantity of raw limestone turned out seventy-five tons of burnt lime shells. Sixteen men were engaged to fill a kiln, and the work occupied one day. The lime was used chiefly for spreading over fields. The photograph was taken in Forfarshire.—C.



BURNING LIME.